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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Forget-Me-Not for 1837. Edited by Frederick Shoberl. 18mo. pp. 356. London, Ackermann and Co.

"AGE before honesty," is the flippant remark of some youngster, who pauses to allow you to pass into the dining-room before him. Of the five or six Annuals for 1837, now lying on our table, we should certainly give precedence in our notice to the *Forget-me-Not*, were it solely on the ground of seniority; but it is only just to add, that it is as "honest" as any of its rivals; and that it is perfectly entitled to share in the praise bestowed by Mr. Shoberl, its worthy editor, in his Preface, where he says: "Of the Annuals generally, it may be asserted with truth, that they have been the medium of placing before the public gems of surpassing beauty, both in literature and [in] art; and, even if this merit could not be conceded to them, their avowed purpose — that of cultivating the best affections of our nature — should entitle them to some indulgence."

The present volume contains above forty contributions; of which, although the greater number are in verse, the greater extent is in prose. Besides anonymous writers, the contributors are, Charles Swain, Esq., G. P. R. James, Esq., James Montgomery, Esq., the Rev. Richard Polwhele, Miss Lawrence, J. B. Papworth, Esq., Richard Johns, Esq., R. Skelton Mackenzie, LL.D., Mary Howitt, T. Haynes Bayley, Esq., J. Forbes Dalton, Esq., Agnes Strickland, Henry F. Chorley, Esq., C. J. Davids, Esq., Richard Howitt, Mrs. Lee, John Bird, Esq., Miss L. E. Landon, Captain Calder Campbell, Eleanor Louisa Montagu, Mrs. Abby, and Mrs. Gore. It may easily be supposed that the union of so much talent has produced a mass of very agreeable reading. We will not enter into any detailed criticism on the various compositions of which the work consists; but prefer, as is our wont, giving specimens of them. Our prose extract shall be from Mr. Dalton's pleasant story, "The Nice Doctor." We must premise, that Mons. Jouffray, a rich silk-manufacturer at Lyons, has a daughter named Cesarine, between whom and Albert Cluneau, a young lieutenant on half-pay, a tender attachment subsists; but the old man refuses to sanction their union until the lover can produce the sum of a hundred thousand francs. By Jouffray's interest, however, Albert is put upon full pay, and goes to join his regiment at Grenoble. The separation produces injurious effects on Cesarine's health; and Mons. Jouffray is advised to take her to Nice for change of air, and for the purpose of consulting an eminent physician in that place, on whom he calls to deliver a letter of introduction: —

"He was received with ease and politeness by the medical gentleman, who exhibited no symptoms of eccentricity until he had perused the epistle. Then, with an odd sardonic grin, he muttered, 'Bah! he thinks I can cure any body of any thing! That was always the way in service. Send 'em to Proteau! Send 'em to Proteau! And so, I had always the worst cases. Well, those are not always the worst for practice. So I have had plenty of expe-

rience. However, monsieur,' he continued, turning to his visitor, 'I'm tired of the profession now, and came here for a little peace and quiet. What's the matter with your son?' 'I beg your pardon, monsieur le docteur,' said Monsieur Jouffray, 'you are under an error. It is my daughter.' Doctor Proteau referred to the letter, and then observed carelessly, 'Oh, ah! I see — so it is. Well. You've done quite right in bringing her here. Delightful climate, eh? She'll do very well, I dare say. Plenty of mules and donkeys here. They're the best doctors. Don't let 'em poison her with physic. Faugh! What did you say was the matter with her?' Monsieur Jouffray stated that it was some internal complaint, of what nature he could not say, but he wished for the doctor's opinion and advice. In reply, the doctor said that he would much rather not have any thing to do with the matter, as he wished to be entirely without patients for a time, in order to finish a medical work that he had in hand. However, after much entreaty, he agreed, with great apparent reluctance, to have an interview with mademoiselle, stipulating that no one else should be present. 'As I have not the honour of knowing your good lady,' said he, 'I cannot mean any personal disrespect to her: but I never wish to hear any but a patient describe her own feelings. A third person that *will* talk bothers one. And as for keeping a mother quiet on such occasions, bah! madame and I can chat the matter over afterwards.' On his return home, Monsieur Jouffray had some difficulty in obtaining madame's ratification of this agreement; nor did she consent till after speaking much of what the general said of Dr. Proteau's extraordinary talents, he added, that the latter was by no means a good-looking man, and, certainly, fifty years of age. So the doctor came, and had a long private interview with Cesarine, who came forth therefrom with glistening eyes, and declared that he was a most wonderful man, that he had described every symptom of her complaint, and that she felt the most entire confidence in his judgment. With the parents, however, the doctor was very laconic. 'It's of no use,' said he, bluntly, 'to talk to you in professional terms. You wouldn't understand me. The simple fact is, that Mademoiselle Cesarine has been very injudiciously treated by those who ought to have known better. They have allowed her disorder to attain a dangerous height, and then treated it lightly. It has been gradually increasing for years.' 'Is it possible?' exclaimed Monsieur Jouffray. 'My poor child!' exclaimed madame; 'I never thought that that foolish Dr. Lestrange knew any thing about her complaint. I wish we had never seen him, with his jabbering hard words about pulmations and such gibberish! All to hide his own ignorance.' 'What's to be done, my dear sir?' cried the father, imploringly. 'I'd give any thing to have her restored to health. I would spare no expense — none. For she is our only child.' 'Well, then,' said the doctor, calmly, 'you need not be uneasy about her, for I can cure her. So you have only to give me a hundred thousand

francs, and consider the business as settled.' Both monsieur and madame were literally struck speechless at this abrupt and most extraordinary proposition, and gazed and gaped at each other, as though questioning whether they were not in the presence of a lunatic. The awkward pause was broken by Dr. Proteau, who coolly observed, 'If you do not happen to have so much by you, your note of hand will do just as well. From my friend the general's letter, I am perfectly aware with whom I have the honour of speaking.' 'Nom de Dieu!' shrieked Monsieur Jouffray, who and what do you take me for, that you speak of such a sum as though it were a mere bagatelle?' 'Precisely so,' observed the imperturbable doctor, 'I do consider it a mere bagatelle. What is such a trifle, when compared with the life of an only child?' 'You must be joking, monsieur,' said madame, with an arch, coaxing smile. 'Not at all,' replied the doctor; 'I am perfectly serious, and never allow myself to chaffer or be chaffered with. There are other medical men in Nice; consult them, if you think proper. However, mademoiselle shall not suffer from delay; I will send her something to take this morning, which I shall just have time to mix up before I take a ride with a friend to Mont Calvo. Therefore, excuse my abrupt departure. Consider my present visit and what I shall send to mademoiselle merely as an evidence of my respect for monsieur le général and his friends: but, for the last time, remember that, if you wish for my attendance professionally, I never did, and never will, deviate from terms which I have once specified, unless, indeed, I were to fail in performing a perfect cure; and, in that case, I should scorn to pocket a single sou.' As he uttered the last words, he rose, and politely took leave of the bewildered couple, who, after a very brief consultation, resolved to seek medical advice at a less exorbitant rate elsewhere; and, with that intent, they walked into town, whence they did not return till the hour of dinner. In the mean time, Cesarine had received the bottle promised by the doctor, and had taken one small glass from it. The effects did, indeed, appear miraculous. She declared that every thing she ate or drank seemed to have acquired a more delicious flavour, that the pain in her side was entirely gone, and she described her feelings as being altogether changed. All this ought to have been exceedingly gratifying to her parents, and assuredly was so to a certain extent; nevertheless, both, and particularly the father, appeared occasionally to be lost in a reverie, and the latter looked altogether as though it were a doubtful case whether good or evil had happened unto him. That night, of course, another consultation took place between the worthy couple, and terminated in a decision to call in another physician, since it appeared to them exceedingly ridiculous to suppose that Dr. Proteau was so infinitely superior to all others of the profession as to entitle him to a little fortune for curing a single patient. The gentleman to whom they now had recourse was a venerable practitioner. No man could listen more patiently to the details of a case. First, he was closeted with the

mother, then with the daughter, and afterward with both; but he declined giving his opinion to either, and requested a private audience of the father, to whom he said, 'It is best to speak plainly. Had it been my good fortune to have been introduced to your interesting child when her complaint was in its infancy, I should have known how to treat her; but now—here he shook his head mournfully—I cannot, I dare not, undertake the case. The fact is, that the internal symptoms are become so complicated as completely to baffle my skill; and my name and medical reputation stand so high at this moment, that it would be a kind of suicidal act for me to undertake a case, the termination of which would materially injure both. Do not despise me for this honest confession. There is a limit to all human knowledge and skill. A sense of my own incapacity alone prevents me from acting; but I am happy to add, that I will not leave you without hope. Most fortunate is it that you have brought mademoiselle into this delightful climate at this particular season, for we have now a visiter, a most extraordinary character, come to pass the winter here. I have studied much, monsieur, and had long and extensive practice; and, though I say it, much success; but this gentleman is—*pardi!* if the days of magic were not gone by, I should really think that this Dr. Proteau had supernatural agents at his command!' He then launched out into an enthusiastic panegyric upon the said doctor, concluding with instances of his eccentricity; all of which, however ridiculous they might appear, had always some good end in view. Monsieur Jouffray attempted to persuade the venerable man that he was too diffident of his own abilities; but all was in vain; and, at last, the doctor ended their conversation by a sufficiently startling observation. 'No,' said he, 'I'll have nothing to do with it. The funeral of a young patient would deprive me of my rich nervous English patients.' Never before had poor Monsieur Jouffray felt so perplexed. He cogitated, and cogitated, and sighed, and uttered divers unseemly ejaculations, as Dr. Proteau's extortionate demand ever and anon crossed his mind. Madame behaved more philosophically, and, after a few natural tears, reminded him that the eccentric physician had affirmed that he would not receive any thing unless the cure were perfect. 'Where is Cesarine? I'll talk to her myself,' exclaimed the father, starting from a long reverie. On inquiry, it was discovered that she had been gone out more than two hours, walking with her friend. Two more hours elapsed, and the good couple were beginning to fear some disaster, when the said Cesarine rushed into the room, in a right merry mood, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, declaring that she had walked at least three leagues, and felt as if she could walk as many more. 'It's all that wonderful Dr. Proteau,' observed Mademoiselle Dubois. 'Poor Cesarine has been taking physic for months and months, and always getting worse; and now only a single phial, and that not half empty! I positively wish I was ill myself, in order to have such a doctor.' 'But, my dear child,' said Monsieur Jouffray, 'how is this? I understand that you had described your symptoms of illness, only this morning to the physician, and he said—' 'Oh, no, papa!' exclaimed Cesarine, laughing. 'I only told him how I had felt before I got this charming medicine. I'm quite well now. Allons, Fanchette! it's time to dress for dinner, and I've such an appetite! I'm glad we dine by ourselves, or I really should be quite ashamed. Oh! I forgot; there

is to be a ball at the governor's on Tuesday: you must take us, papa! Nay, don't look so serious! I'm quite well now, I assure you; so do take us!' and, playfully throwing her arms round his neck, she snatched a kiss, and then went dancing out of the room. 'Oh, that dear, dear doctor!' exclaimed Fanchette, following her; 'he's worth his weight in gold!' 'Humph!' grunted Monsieur Jouffray, more testily than beseemed the occasion, 'he means to be worth it, I suppose; but—pish! bah!—a hundred thousand francs! Peste!' and forthwith he paced the room after the fashion of a wild beast caught in a trap. A journal of each day's proceedings would be somewhat tedious; briefly, then, Cesarine was all health and spirits till the wonderful phial was empty; and from that time she began to decline and droop, and the pain in her side, lassitude, and other alarming symptoms, returned, to the great dismay of her parents. Monsieur Jouffray held out stoutly, for some time, against submitting to what he was pleased to term 'gross imposition and unfeeling avarice'; but, at length, his good lady put the question seriously to him, whether, if their daughter were in her grave, he would not give more than a hundred thousand francs to bring her to life. So, with a heavy heart and doleful countenance, he betook himself to the residence of Dr. Proteau, and began to *marchander* with him; but he had scarcely commenced, when the doctor interrupted him, by saying, 'Do not let us waste time, monsieur. I am told, that a merchant considers his word as binding as his bond: am I right? Do you always consider yourself bound in honour to perform whatever you say you will do, provided the conditions stipulated be fulfilled?' 'Certainly!' replied Monsieur Jouffray, warmly; 'I never did forfeit my word, and I never will.' 'No more will I,' said the doctor. 'So, all that you have to do is to give me your bill for the amount named, to be paid when your daughter is perfectly cured; but, in case of failure on my part, to be nothing more than waste paper.' 'I cannot afford such a sum,' said Monsieur Jouffray; 'you think me rich, but—' 'That alters the case,' exclaimed Dr. Proteau; 'let it be inserted in the agreement, or bill, that, if you can prove yourself to be not worth more than five times the amount, I will then abandon the whole claim.' Monsieur Jouffray here stammered a little; but, at length, said something about the apparent inhumanity of allowing a fellow-creature to sink into the grave, unless a specific enormous amount were raised. 'That is a question for her parent, who has the means, to consider,' observed the doctor, calmly. More conversation followed, to little effect; and it was not till a fortnight afterwards that Monsieur Jouffray worried, as he declared, by his spouse and Mademoiselle Dubois, and tormented by apprehensions for his daughter, agreed to sign the document in question. It has, indeed, been said since, that his decision was somewhat accelerated by a letter from Lyons, informing him of the arrival of large orders from America, in consequence of which silk was likely to advance. Be that as it may, no sooner had he signed the bill than he took himself off for Genoa and Piedmont, comforted by the doctor's assurance, that he would find Cesarine perfectly recovered before his return. So the good man went his way, at a most fortunate moment for his speculations, and made large purchases of silk, which was scarcely in his possession when the rise in the market more than compensated him for the eccentric doctor's fee. Then he returned to Nice, where

he found smiling faces and a warm welcome, but for some cause Cesarine blushed deeply when he congratulated her upon her improved looks. There was something odd, too, he thought, in the manners of his wife and Mademoiselle Dubois; but he saw that they were all happy; so he kissed them all round, and shortly afterwards in came Dr. Proteau, with whom he shook hands warmly; for his heart was right glad within him at what he saw, and moreover he was flushed with success. 'If I had not come to Nice,' said he, 'I never should have gone to Piedmont, and so I suppose I must not grumble; but you must confess now, doctor, that your terms were sadly too high.' 'The remedy which I have applied is worth considerably more,' replied the doctor. 'Here it is, in the next room; and I recommend you never to let Mademoiselle Cesarine part from it any more.' 'Well,' said Monsieur Jouffray, 'that is doing more than you promised. Where's the bill? I'll give you an order on demand on my bankers. That's the way we merchants do business. I told you I never did, and never will, forfeit my word. Where's the bill?' 'Here it is, monsieur,' said a clear but tremulous voice, very different from that of Dr. Proteau. 'Eh! what! Albert Cluneau!' exclaimed Monsieur Jouffray. 'Yes, monsieur,' said the young man, bowing respectfully, 'I take the liberty of presenting my bill, and reminding you of our last conversation, in which you told me, that if I could contrive to get but one hundred thousand francs—' 'Bah, bah!' exclaimed Monsieur Jouffray, 'you must have misunderstood. But your bill! How?' 'I have transferred the bill to Captain Cluneau,' said the doctor. 'Captain Cluneau!' cried Monsieur Jouffray. 'Yes, Captain Cluneau!' shouted a loud voice from behind the door, which Albert had left open, and forthwith in marched the worthy general, saying, 'Captain he is, and I've come to thank you, my dear friend, for recommending to me a most excellent officer. I hope, some day, to see him a general. It would have been a sad thing to have left him idling his time at Lyons. Ten to one but he had got into some scrape or entanglement.' 'Hem, hem!' coughed Monsieur Jouffray. 'But how came he here?' 'I posted him at St. Laurent,' replied the general, 'and it is but a step from that to this place, over the hills and along the vallons, and pleasant walking under the shade of the olive trees.' 'And I,' said Dr. Proteau, 'I recommended air and exercise to mademoiselle, and so it happened—' 'Bah, bah! Don't say any more!' cried Monsieur Jouffray; 'I see it all now. A regular conspiracy. You've outmaneuvered me, general. Isn't that the word? come the old soldier over me, eh, Albert? Well, well, I believe I was wrong, for you're a good lad, and I knew your father, and so I won't be worse than my word, and if Cesarine—' 'En avant, Cluneau!' shouted the general; and, even as though her name had been a word of command, it had scarcely passed her father's lips, before Cesarine found herself locked in the embrace of her lover. 'What a charming doctor!' exclaimed Fanchette Dubois.

Our poetical extracts shall be twofold; viz.

"The Sleeping Beauty. By L. E. L. Sleep with honey dew hath bound her. Sleep unawakened by day; Through the forest growing round her. None may take their way. For it is a path forbidden By the words of power; There the beauty must be hidden Till the appointed hour;

Friendship a Christmas gift
1837.
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Till the young deliverer cometh,
And the maiden life resumeth.
Purple fruit and golden chalice
Lie upon the floor;
For, in that enchanted palace,
All is as before.

There still is the censer burning,
With its perfumed flame;
Years on many years returning,
See it still the same;
It will burn till light re-living
In those closed eyes quench its giving.

There her ivory lute, too, slumbers
On the haunted ground.
Silent are its once sweet numbers,
Like all things around;
On her cheek the rose is breathing
With its softest rest;

And the auburn hair is wreathing
Round the graceful head;
Changeth not that rosy shade,
Stirreth not that auburn braid.

Hath the wild west wind then only
Learn to come and weep?
Is this lovely land left lonely
To have claimed sleep?

No, when you full moon has risen
O'er the azure lake,
Cometh one to that sweet prison
For the sleeper's sake;

On that only moonlit hour
Hath the gentle fairy power.

Then she calls fair spirits nigh her,
Each one with a dream,
So with sweet thoughts to supply her,
And with shadows seem

Real as life, but that each vision

Hath a lover's ray,
More ethereal and elysian

Than earth's common day.

Human thoughts and feelings keep

Life in that enchanted sleep.

Soon o'er that dark pine and laurel
Will youth prevail:

Is there not a gentle moral

In that fairy tale?

Like that maiden's sleep unwaking,

Sleeps the south woman's heart,

Till Love comes, that sunbeam breaking

For life's loveliest part.

Ah, the heart which it must waken

Soon will mourn its rest forsaken!"

The Use of Flowers. By Mary Howitt.
God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough
For every want of ours;
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

The one within the mountain-mine
Requirth none to grow,
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The mighty dews might fail,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then, therefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow-light;

All fashioned with supremest grace,
Uprising day and night;

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not—
Then, therefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;

To comfort man—to whisper hope,
Wher'ev'r his faith is dun;
For whose caref the flowers,
Will much more care for him!"

Friendship's Offering, and Winter's Wreath:
a Christmas and New Year's Present for 1837. 18mo. pp. 384. London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

The editor of this pleasing publication is justified in expressing (as in his Preface he has expressed) his pride in the present volume. It contains a number of excellent articles. In fact, in our wish to give our readers "a taste of its quality," we feel the *embarras des rieuses*. Most willingly would we quote Mr. James's romantic "Bridal of Gertrude;" Mr.

St. John's humorously, though rather sarcastically, told "Lords of the Passes;" Miss Agnes Strickland's interesting "Louise of Lorraine;" Mr. Rawdon Power's entertaining "Pearl Fishers of Ceylon;" Barry Cornwall's "Il Penseroso and L'Allegro" (in which, however, the former *sadly predominates*); Mr. W. H. Harrison's whimsical "Adventure with an American;" Mr. Hervey's poetical address "To Henry Howard, Esq. R.A." Allan Cunningham's admirable and truly Scotch "Jenny's First Love-Letter;" Dr. W. C. Taylor's historical sketch of "Hassan Ebne Sabah;" Miss Louisa Sheridan's pious lament, "The Soul's Disquietude," &c. &c. : but we must have an eye to our own limits, as well as to the merits of the writers, whose productions we are eulogising; and, with reference to that double consideration, we will begin by transcribing Thomas Miller's fine verses on "Westminster Abbey."

"Tread lightly here! this spot is holy ground,
And every footfall wakes the voice of ages:
These are the mighty dead that hem thee round,
Names that still cast a halo o'er our pages:

Listen! 'tis Fame's loud voice that now complains,

'Here sleeps more sacred dust than all the world
contains.'

Thou mayst bend o'er each marble semblance now:
That was a monarch,—see, how mute he lies!
There was a day when, on his crumbling brow,
The golden crown flashed awe on vulgar eyes;

That broken hand did then a sceptre sway,

And thousands round him kneeled, his mandates to obey.

Turn to the time, when he thus low was laid
Within this narrow house, in proud array;
Dirges were sung, and solemn masses said,
And high-plumed helms bent o'er him as he lay;

Princes and peers were congregated here,

And all the pomp of death assembled round his bier.

Then did the midnight torches flaming wave,
And reddly flashed athwart the vaulted gloom;

And white-robed boys sang requiems o'er his grave;

And muttering monks kneeled lowly round his gray;

And lovely women did his loss deplore,

And, with their gushing tears, bathed the cold marble
floor.

See! at his head, a rude-carved lion stands,
In the dark niche where never sunbeams beat;

And still he holds his supplicating hands:

A watchful dragon crouches at his feet,—

How oddly blended!—He all humble lies,

While they defiance cast from their fierce stony eyes.

Here sleeps another, clothed in scaly mail;
Battle's red field was where he loved to be:

Oft has his banner rusted in the gale,

In all the pomp of blazing heraldry!

Where he is bowed now, his shield, and spear,

His steed, and battle-axe, and all he once held dear?

His banner wasted on the castle wall,
His lofty turrets sunk by slow decay;

His bowmen in the beaten field did fall,

His plated armour, rust hath sweep away;

His plumes are scattered, and his helmet cleft,

And this slow-crumbling tomb is all now hath left.

And this is fame! For this he fought and bled!

See his reward!—No matter; let him rest;

Valiant and dauntless is now his ancient bed.

The dust of ages covers his marble breast;

And, in that tomb, what thinkest thou remains?

Dust! 'tis the only glory that on earth man gains.

And kings and queens here slumber, side by side;

Their quarrels hushed in the embrace of death;

All feelings calmed of jealousy or pride,

Once fanned to flame by Slander's burning breath;

Even the crowns they wear from care are free,

As those on children's heads, who play at royalty.

And awful Silence here does ever linger;

Her dwelling is this many-pillared dome;

On her wan lip she plants her stony finger,

And, breath-hushed, gazes on her voiceless home;

Listening, she stands, with half averted head,

For echoes never heard among the mute-tongued dead.

And here, Time stretches over his cloudy wings,

But never beats them, and they have turned gray

And, hovering o'er the forms of crumpling kings,

And, like the mirth, will, at last, die,

Wearied with watching; fall, and be no more

Than the mere years of sand that gird the eternal shore.

Look on those Gothic arches, worn and old;

Whom monarchs loved, 'neath whom did once appear,

Dazzling all eyes in 'rude barbaric gold.'

So rich the tissues which they then did wear;

The same soft light that fills this holy place,

Hath even here streamed full upon a Tudor's face.

What gaudy figures rest against the sky!
With golden glories woven round each brow,
They float athwart the window's deepened dye,
Rich in the colours of the ethereal bow;

Breaking the sunbeams in a thousand ways,

And mingling star and twilight with his dying rays.

Behold those cloudy saints and angel bands!
How rich the robes in which they brightly beam!
Such shapes we oft have seen in sleepy lands,
Peopling the spacy silver of a dream;

And just such harps, with carvings rude surrounded,

Have in those face-thronged visions o'er the wild air

sounded.

Oh, I could sit and weep here like a child!
I know not why such heavy feels my soul;
But I did deem that one pale statue smiled
Upon me in the twilight; and the roll

Of Memory's rapid wheels did backward move,—

For the mute marble wore a form I once did love.

But this is fancy, for the busy brain
Grows sad by contemplation on the past;
Thoughts move in chains, a heavy wearied train,
Dragging down to the grave, their rest at last;

Care folds his arms, and sits apart to weep,

Over the silent city where the mighty sleep."

By way of contrast, we will proceed to extract a short passage from Mr. Crofton Croker's lively and entertaining "Mistletoe Bough."

"After the ladies had withdrawn, Dr. Fogarty, looking at Mr. Fitzgibbon, gravely said, his hand grasping the claret-pitcher, 'Sir, may I be allowed —' 'A toast, doctor?' — by all means. Gentlemen, a bumper to Dr. Fogarty's toast — this is Christmas-eve — 'I thought you had all forgotten it,' retorted the doctor; 'here's 'The Mistletoe Bough.' We all drained our glasses to so seasonable a toast. 'But you say, doctor,' remarked Mr. Smith, 'here's the mistletoe: where is it, I ask?' The doctor, who had, before dinner, slyly suspended a garland of it in the room, answered this question by an elevation of his brows, followed by a movement of his eyes, a fling of his head on one side, and an indescribable toss of the thumb of his left hand towards the door, above which appeared hanging, what had before escaped observation, a large bunch of mistletoe. 'And the birds are flown!' exclaimed the young dragoon. 'We may trap them yet,' observed Mr. Smith. 'Gentlemen,' said Mr. Fitzgibbon, 'fair play is a jewel; do what you will, wherever I have control, in a fair and honourable way. I'm a true sportsman, and will have no traps, mind that. You may shoot as much of my game flying, as you can, and welcome, but no netting. So here's fair play all the world over; 'tis all an Irishman wants.' After the discussion of a sufficient quantity of wine and nuts, we adjourned to the ladies and coffee; and, as each gentleman made his exit from the dining-room, it was evident that he took care to satisfy himself of the exact position of the doctor's mistletoe-bough. We found the young ladies warbling like nightingales a duet out of Tom Moore's Irish melodies; a song or two followed, and then some proposed a dance, as it was Christmas-eve. 'But the new Brussels carpet, pa!' whispered Miss Fitzgibbon. 'What of that?' asked her father; 'is a new carpet to stop your dancing, girls?' 'We may as well dance in the dining-room, you know, pa,' said Miss Margaret. 'And there's blind Terry, the piper, in the kitchen,' chimed in Miss Wheeler; 'he plays jigs to perfection.' 'Well, girls, I have always guided you with a loose rein, so have your own way, and see what will come of it. But Flaherty had better be told to clear away the table.' So saying, Mr. Fitzgibbon rung the bell, ordered the dining-room to be prepared for dancing, blind Terry to be sent in; 'and hark'ee, Flaherty,' he continued, 'just throw on the fire the root of that old thorn-tree, which I grubbed up, and told them to put by in the turf-house.' 'The root of the fairy-tree, sir?' said Flaherty. 'Yes;

I'll give you a Yule clog, Mr. Smith, for, as you are curious about Christmas customs, I suppose you'd scarcely think it Christmas-eve without one. Not a labourer in the parish could I get to put spade or axe to that old stump against which the post-boy drove your chaise, so, as I was determined that it should never upset another chaise, I just went to work and grubbed it up myself; and, whether it was owing to the fairies or the exercise, I know not, but I have escaped a fit of the gout, which usually visits me at this season.' Flaherty soon returned to announce that the dining-room was ready for dancing. 'Now, girls, don't blame me,' said Mr. Fitzgibbon, nodding his head significantly; 'take your own way, and you'll see what will come of it.' 'You can't be so old-fashioned, pa, as to think seriously about the fairy-tree?' observed Miss Fitzgibbon, playfully. 'Beside, 'twas you desired it to be put on the fire, pa,' said Miss Margaret Fitzgibbon. 'Tis Christmas-eve, my dears,' was Miss Wheeler's comment, 'and your father is alarmed at the terrible bullaboos which they say are abroad; it was only the other day that I read in some old book, as a reason for all the church-bells being rung on this night — what they call "pealing in Christmas" — that it was to scare away such grisly bugs.' 'Will you allow me,' — said the young dragoon, offering his arm, which Miss Fitzgibbon mechanically accepted. 'And I'll go and open the door,' exclaimed Mr. Smith. 'Oh! don't trouble yourself,' shouted the doctor. And away they strode across the hall to take up their positions behind the dining-room door. Just as the young soldier had accurately ascertained that the innocent lips of the unsuspecting Miss Fitzgibbon were precisely under the mistletoe-bough, he saluted his fair partner, and, in the next moment, pointing upward, cried with an air of triumph, 'England expects that every man will do his duty.' 'But 'tis no apology, sir, for a bristling mustachio,' said Miss Fitzgibbon, first smiling, and then drawing herself up with a dignified air. 'What does he mean?' inquired Miss Margaret, who was in the back-ground, looking with astonishment at her father; but she was answered merely by a good-humoured laugh, which gave her confidence to advance, and she received the same mark of regard from Mr. Smith, who sprung from his hiding-place behind the door. 'Sir — Mr. Smith — really, sir' — stammered Miss Margaret, but her sister motioned her to be silent, and Miss Wheeler, not knowing, it is to be presumed, exactly what was going forward, but perceiving that something unusual was the matter, sprung literally into the open arms of Dr. Fogarty, who had silently watched her movements through the chink of the door, and, admirably calculating distances, received her with such a smack of his lips upon her right cheek, that there was no mistake about the matter — in return for which civility, poor Fogarty was rewarded by an almost simultaneous slap, of more than equal sound and vigour, upon his right cheek, from the left hand of the agile Miss Wheeler. 'Here's a pretty scene! — but I did my duty — I warned you, girls,' said Mr. Fitzgibbon, convulsed with laughter, as, arm-in-arm, we followed the party into the dining-room, where hung the mistletoe-bough, which had occasioned all this confusion. However, the sweet pipes of blind Terry, with the violin accompaniment of his son, a fine lad of about fourteen, and the permanent attraction of the Yule clog, soon caused the mistletoe frolic of the evening to be forgiven, at least, if not forgotten.'

This shall be followed by the Honourable

Mrs. Erskine Norton's sweet ballad, "The Earl's Daughter."

"Up rose Caerlaveroch's grim earl;
Right joyful shouted he:

"My hated foe for ever now

"My prisoner shall be!

He lies within my dungeon-wall,

And chained shall there remain;

Or his life-blood shall wash away

Our honour's withering stain.

What brought the gallant near my towers,

Scarce armed and all alone?

"Twas the hand of Heaven which gave him up,

His father's crime to stone."

The Lady Margaret stood there,

Close by the old earl's side:

"Alas, my lord, for his father's sin,

May no ill to him befit!

Spare his young blood, my parent dear!

Spare his young blood, I pray!

O set him free, the death-feud stop,

And let him wend his way!"

Now shame thee, Lady Margaret!

Out on thee, child, i say!

And, for that thou hast dared to plead,

He dies ere break of day."

The Lady Margaret was good,

And wise, as she was fair;

No maid within a thousand miles,

Could match Caerlaveroch's heir.

Her sire's hereditary fo

At Holyrood she met;

The young Lord Lindsay, and they loved

As foes had ne'er loved yet.

It was to spy his lady fair,

Young Lindsay, in disguise,

Was wandering near her father's towers,

And taken by surprise.

FARTHER THE SECOND.

'Tis midnight — Margaret does not sleep,

Nor yet her faithful page;

Fearful the task, for life or death,

In which they both engage.

The Lady Margaret steals along

The subversive way,

Known only by her sire and her,

To where the prisoner lay.

She struggles on — and gains at last

The secret aperture:

Gildes gently to his iron couch

Where chained he lies secure.

He starts, and almost shrieks to see

His Margaret so nigh;

But finger on her lip is laid,

And warning's in her eye.

No word they spoke — the chain's unlocked,

Up with a bound he springs;

And freedom to his pallid brow

The rushing life-blood brings.

The loathsome passage now is cleared,

The stars are glittering bright;

And to his panting lip is brought

The fresh cool breeze of night.

Down in yon dell, the page awaits

With a courser fleet and sure;

'Tis not, indeed, his own good steed,

But that he must endure.

Now, dearest Margaret, fly with me!

Now fly with me I pray!

A victim to thy sire's revenge,

Here must thou never stay.

Turn not away, nor wring my hand —

From hence I will not stir:

If Margaret cannot fly with me,

I must not part from her.

Put up your steed, sir page, and now

Return we whence we came:

O Margaret, couldst thou think that I

Dread dying more than shame?

Then Margaret dried her falling tears,

And courage found to speak;

Lindsay, I am resolved and firm,

Although my heart should break.

Thy life is saved, and thou art free:

And trust me, I would brave

Ten times the peril of this night,

That precious life to save.

Yet deem it not a lack of love,—

For I would share with thee,

Want, sickness, toil, and, worse than all,

The harsh world's contumely,—

Oh, deem it not a lack of love,

If one thing yet I name,

Still dearer than thou art to me —

A conscience free from blame!

And ne'er will I desert my sire—

E'en though with guilt defiled;

For, stern and cruel if he be,

He dearly loves his child.

I will not leave him in his age;

But, Lindsay, cease thy dread —

He'll rage and storm, but never harm

A hair of his Margaret's head.

I will confess my love for thee —

And time, perchance, may bring

Some healing balm; — perchance root out

Revenge's festered sting.

Leave all to me — there still —

Mount, mount thy steed — away!

Methinks I hear the early bird

That harbangers the day.

Lindsay revered her filial truth,

And ceased his suit to press;

He felt he could not love her more,

But might esteem her less.

One kiss — one long and parting kiss —

Then leaped he on his steed;

One look — one long and parting look —

And he gone was indeed.

PART THE THIRD.

'Tis cock-crow, and the dappled dawn

Glowes over the eastern sky;

Caerlaveroch's guard i the castle yard,

Are watching gloomily.

What means this sudden uproar wild?

Arms clash, deep curse rise;

The shrill-toned swell of the larum-bell

Salutes the brightening skies!

And steeds are saddling in their stalls;

The drawbridge rattles down:

Ride hard ye may, my man, this day,

Your captured fox is flown!

Caerlaveroch's chief is in his hall:

None looked on him but feared; —

His teeth are clenched, and the fury-foam

Whitens his grizzled beard.

Death flashes from his keen blue eye,

As to his feet is brought,

Unarmed and bound, the sentry found

On guard o'er him they sought.

'Traitor!' and, glancing high in air,

The earl's bright falchion quivers;

It falls — but checked, and dashed aside,

In the firm oak-beam shivers.

Why failed his aim so firm and true?

It rarely failed till now;

And what hath blanched that iron cheek,

And tamed that threatening braw?

A gentle form has glided 'twixen

The victim and the blow;

Margaret's fair neck it lightly grazed;

The red drops trickling flow.

Yea, there she knelt — his daughter dear,

In penitent's array,

Her feet were bare, and her long dark hair

On the stone pavement lay.

All stood aghast — her eye was firm,

But her cheek and lip were pale;

Yet lovely shewed through the waving cloud

Of her dark mourning veil.

'Father, behold the traitor here!'

The silvery tone was heard

By each and all in that crowded hall,

And every heart is stirred.

With grief, amazement, shame, and rage,

The haughty chieftain gaspt;

Fierce was the strife; but Nature won

Her outraged claim at last.

Well had the maiden prophesied:

Her pleasing wise and calm

With time did bring to revenge's sting,

A holy healing balm.

For a year had scarcely passed away,

When from her father's hand,

Lindsay with pride received his bride,

In wedlock's sacred band.

A happier pair were never known

To grace Caerlaveroch's bowers;

And soon on his knee the fair smiled to see

A young lord of its ancient towers."

From Sarah Stickney's high-toned "Maiden's Vow," we cannot refrain from taking a single incident.

"It happened, one morning, that, as the lovers wandered together along a path which had been the favourite haunt of their childhood, Gertrude accidentally mentioned the day of the year, — for it was one consecrated to a saint, and held peculiarly sacred by Father Ambrosius. She was aware of nothing else by which it was distinguished; but Rudolph started, as if he had suddenly heard a passing bell, and dropping the arm of Gertrude, and turning hastily round, as if to look at the landscape, he drew his tablets from his bosom, and

examined one with peculiar and marked interest. It was impossible, after this, to pursue any connected train of conversation. Sudden starts of attention, incoherent exclamations, and answers far from the point, were all that Gertrude could elicit by her endeavours to beguile the wandering thoughts of her lover. At last, she sat down in utter despair, and fell into a fit of sorrowful musing, during which her companion left her. Impelled by that capricious feeling, which makes us seek to alleviate the agitation of the mind, by an excess of corporal exertion, he had set himself to climb an almost inaccessible point of rock, overhanging an impetuous torrent, that burst from its mountain prison into the bed of the river below. On this frightful eminence Rudolph had stood like an eagle about to spread its wings, and soar away into the distant heavens. After he had remained for a long time, fixed and statuelike, as if his figure was but a portion of the primeval rock, shaped out into that graceful form by the genius of the mountain, he prepared to descend. Gertrude had watched him with intense and painful interest; and, as he now retraced his perilous path, she started from her seat, with a feminine impulse, as if to be ready to throw herself between him and danger. Well might she tremble for the restless and adventurous spirit that had lured his steps to the brink of a frightful precipice, where no human foot had ever trod before. In vain she called to him, and waved her scarf, and tried, by every practicable means, to warn him of his danger. He seemed, amidst the elements of nature, to be courting the fate which the storm of battle had denied him; and Gertrude, who saw him advancing to where the torrent rushed through a narrow chasm, whose perpendicular sides were connected at a dizzy height by a natural bridge of rocks, loosely heaped together, as if the foot even of the mountain kid might displace them, shrunk away from that scene of terror, and, hiding her face in her hands, endeavoured to shut out all consciousness of sight and sound. It was in this state of agonising dread, that she heard the crash of falling timber, followed by the sound of loose fragments of rock rolling into the bed of the torrent; and, with no thought but of her lover's peril, she rushed to the spot whence the sound proceeded. She looked upward, but he was not upon the dizzy height,—around, but he was no where to be seen. She called his name, but the roar of the water drowned her voice. At length, her eye was fixed by something like a human form, stretched far down upon the rocks beneath; and, without regarding the difficulty of the descent, or for one moment losing sight of that single object, she forced her way through such a pass as none but a desperate woman would have attempted. It was indeed the senseless form of Rudolph that lay before her; his lips already bore the impress of death, while, with a grasp it was impossible to unloose, he clasped the fragment of a tree, whose blighted bough had received him. Gertrude was not one of those privileged women who lose the bitterest sense of calamity in a happy unconsciousness of being. She believed that the life she valued far beyond her own was gone for ever; but she tried not the less, by all the efforts of affection, to restore it. She felt the marble brow,—pressed the pale lips to her own,—hid her hand upon the heart, and, the better to admit the breath of life, if any power of respiration yet remained, she opened the vest. O blissful moment! there was a faint throb, and then a movement of the lips. But what has the opening of that vest revealed? The

picture of a lovely female, set in gold, and shrined, as it were, within the region of the heart! Was it a blissful moment to the orphan Gertrude, when the warm blood again suffused her lover's cheek? Was it a blissful moment, when, with the dim consciousness of returning life, he fixed his opening eyes upon her, and, recognising nothing but the figure of a female bending over him, in the attitude of one who ministers to the sick, pronounced the name of Constance with such a calm, sweet, peaceful smile, as never yet had been awakened by the feeling that his betrothed was near him? It was not long before a slight convulsion passed over his countenance, and his heavy eyes again were closed. Gertrude believed him to be dying; but she did not, could not suffer more than in the previous moment, and again she used every effort to restore him. Her assiduity was rewarded by gradually returning signs of consciousness; and as she sat upon the rock, with her lover's head upon her lap, she had time to enter into deep communion with her own heart, to question, and convince herself of its capability to do and suffer all that a stern necessity might require. She was interrupted in her silent meditations by the awakening of Rudolph, as from a long sleep. He knew not that he had spoken, or that his secret treasure had been revealed. He was even ignorant that his life had been in danger, until Gertrude, with pale lips, but steady voice, explained to him all that had passed; omitting only that circumstance which, to her eye, had changed the aspect of the whole world."

Most novels and romances end with a wedding; why should not our review? We have seldom met with a more touching and tender composition than

"The Bridal Day."—By L. E. L.

She leans beside her mirror, in her old accustomed place,
Yet something unfamiliar is on her lovely face;
She wears a wreath, a snow-white wreath, which yet she
never wore;

It gives a paleness to the cheek, unknown to it before.

The maiden goeth to the grove, and of the flowers beneath,
She takes the lily or the rose, to bind her midnight wreath;
But of one plant she gathers not, though fair its blossoms be;
Only the bride hath leave to wear buds from the orange-tree.

Once, only once, that wreath is worn,—once only may she
wear

The pale white wreath of orange-flowers within her shin;
They wear, upon their soft wan bloom, the shade of coming years;

The spiritual presence is around of human hopes and fears;

Ay, let her soft and thoughtful eyes upon her mirror dwell,
For, in that long and tender look, she taketh her farewell
Of all her youth's unconsciousness, of all her lighter cares,
And for a deeper, sadder life—a woman's lot, prepares.

She leaves her old familiar place, the hearts that were her own;

The love to which she trusts herself is yet a thing unknown:
Though at one name her cheek turn red, though sweet it be to hear,

Yet for that name she must resign so much that has been

It is an anxious happiness,—it is a fearful thing,
When first the maiden's small white hand puts on the golden ring;

She passeth from her father's house unto another's care;
And who may say what troubled hours, what sorrows wait her there?

Ah! love and life are mysteries, both blessing and both bane;

And yet how much they teach the heart of trial and unrest!

Sweet indeed, while these troubled thoughts 'mid bridal fancies sweep,

Well mayst thou pensive watch thy glass, and turn aside to weep."

Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book for 1837.
With Poetical Illustrations by L.E.L. 4to.
pp. 56. London, Fisher and Co.; Germany, Asher.

"I HAVE myself forgot regret,
Care, trouble, wrong, amid my strain;

If I win others to forget,

My song has not been quite in vain;"

is the concluding stanza of an elegant Intro-

duction to the volume, by its fair and highly gifted author. We can safely assure her that, with reference to the object which she mentions, her song will not prove to have been in vain. It must be impossible for any one who is at all endowed with the poetical temperament to take up the work, and not to be gradually absorbed by its beauties, and withdrawn, for a happy period, from that external world, which to most of us presents but too many subjects of painful contemplation. The poetical reputation of Miss Landon is much too high, and too well established, to render it necessary for us to say a single word on that point. But what especially strikes us in the present production is the great versatility of her powers. The subjects on which she writes are of the most opposite kind; but, whether in the description of the charms of nature, the portraiture of individual character, the relation of striking and interesting events, the conceptions of a vigorous imagination, the expression of tender and pathetic sentiment, or in whatever other way her genius and talents may be employed, they always appear to be fully equal to the task which she undertakes. In selecting a few of these poems for the purpose of enriching our columns, we shall be guided principally by a wish to shew the diversity to which we have alluded.

"Cafés in Damascus."

"And Mahomet turned aside, and would not enter the fair city:

"It is," said he, "too delicious."

"Languidly the night wind bloweth
From the gardens round,
Where the clear Barrada floweth
With a lulung sound.

"Not the lute note's sweetest shiver
Can such music find,
As is on a wandering river,
On a wandering wind.

"There the Moslem leaneith, dreaming
O'er the inward world,
While around the fragrant steaming
Of the smoke is curled.

"Rising from the coffee-berry,
Dark grape of the South;
Or the pipe of polished cherry,
With its amber mouth.

"Cooled by passing through the water,
Gurgling as it flows—
Scented by the Summer's daughter,
June's impassioned rose.

"By that rose's spirit haunted
Are the dreams that rise,
Of far lands, and lives enchanted,
And of deep black eyes.

"Thus with some sweet dream's assistance,
Float they down life's stream;
Would to Heaven, our whole existence
Could be such a dream!"

"Robert Blake, Admiral and General of the Parliamentary Forces.

What! will they sweep the channels,
And brave us as they go!
There's no place in English annals
For the triumph of a foe.

Thus spoke the English admiral,
His hand was on his sword;
Hurrah! was the sole answer
From every man on board.

The Dutch came o'er the ocean,
As if it were their home,
With a slow and gliding motion
The stately vessels come.

The sky is blue above them,
But ere an hour be past,
The shadows of the battle
Will over heaven be cast.

They meet—it is in thunder,
The thunder of the gun;
Fire rends the smoke saunder,
The battle is begun.

He stands amid his seamen,
Our Admiral of the White,
And guides the strife more calmly,
Than that of strife I write.

For over the salt water
The grape-shot sweeps around;
The decks are red with slaughter,
The dead are falling round.

But the bold flag of Old England
Flies bravely at the mast;

The Dutch take down their colours,

While the canrons fire their last.

From that hour victorious

Have we kept the seas,

And our navy glorious,

Queens it o'er the breeze.

Long may we keep such empire!

It is a noble debt

We owe to those past triumphs,

We never may forget."

"The Sacred Shrine of Dwarka.

Such was the faith of old—obscure and vast,
And offering human triumph unto Heaven.
Then rose the stately temple, rich with spoils
Won from the vanquished nations. There the god
Stood visible in golden pageantry;
And pride, pomp, power, were holy attributes.
A humbler creed has wandered o'er the earth,
Known, as a quiet scene seen streaked down.
But by the greater strength under its banks
It is the Christian worship which doth lead
The heart of man to Heaven by love alone.
Plant ye the Cross, then, by these ancient shrines:
Far let it spread its genial influence—
Peace for its shadow—Hope for its sunshine."

"Eustace announcing the Victory of Marathon.

He cometh from the purple hills,

Where the fight has been to-day;

He bears the standard in his hand—

Shout round the victor's way!

The sun-set of a battle won,

Is round his steps from Marathon.

Gather the myrtles near,

And fling them on his path;

Take from her braided hair

The flowers the maiden hath,

A welcome to the welcome one,

Who hastens now from Marathon.

They crowd around his steps,

Rejoice young and old;

The laurel-bunch he bears,

His glorious tale hath told,

The Persian's hour of pride is done,

Victory is on Marathon.

She cometh with brightened cheek,

She cometh all day hath wept;

The wife and mother's tears,

Where her youngest infant slept,

The heart is in her eyes alone,

What careth she for Marathon?

But down on his threshold, down!

Sinks the warrior's failing breath,

The tale of that mighty field

Is left to be told by death—

'Tis a common tale—the victory's sun

Sets, in tears and blood, o'er Marathon."

"Bon. The Pirate's Song.

To the mast nail our flag! it is dark as the grave,
O'er the death which it bears while it waves over the wave.
Let our dock clear for action, our guns be prepared;
Be the boarding-axe sharpened, the scimitar bared;
Set the canisters ready, and then bring to me,
For the last of my duties, the powder-room key.
It shall never be lowered, the black flag we bear;
If the sea be denied us, we sweep through the air.
Unshared have we left our last victory's prey;
It is mine to divide it, and yours to obey;
There are sharks which will suit a man's white neck,
And pearls that are fair as the arms they will deck;
There are flasks which, unseal them, the air will dis-

Diametta's far summers, the home of the rose.
I claim not a portion: I ask but as mine—
'Tis to drink to our victory—one cup of red wine.
Some fight, 'tis for riches; some fight, 'tis for fame:
The first I despise, and the last is a name.
I fight, 'tis for vengeance! I long to see flow,
At the stroke of battle, the life of my foe.
I strike for the memory of long-vanished years;
I only shed blood where another shed tears.
I come, as the lightning comes red from above,
Over the race that I loathe, to the battle I love."

"The Spanish Page, or, the City's Ransom.

She was a chieftain's daughter, and he a captive boy,
Yet playmates and companions, they shared each child-
ish joy;
Their dark hair often mingled, they wandered hand in hand.
But at last the golden ransom restored him to his land.
A lovely town is Seville, amid the summer air,
But, though it be a little town, Xenilia is fair;
Fair are the glittering minarets where the purple daylight falls,
And rosy the pomegranates of the gardens in its walls.
But its pleasant days are over, for an army girls it round,
With the banner of the red cross, and the Christian
trumpets sound;
They have sworn to raise the city that in the sunshine stood,
And its silvery singing fountains shall flow with Moslem

Fierce is the Christian leader, a young and orphan lord;
For all the nobles of his house fell by the Moorish sword;
Himself was once a captive, till redeemed by Spanish gold,
Now to be paid by Moorish wealth and life an hundred-fold.

The sound of war and weeping reached where a maiden lay,
Fading & fades the loveliest, too soon from earth away,
Dark fell the silken curtains, and still the court below,
But the young man's dream of childhood was disturbed by

Woe and woe;

She questioned of the tumult; her pale slaves told the cause;

The colour mounted to her cheek, a hasty breath she [draws;

She called her friends around her, she whispered soft and low,

Like music from a wind-touched lute, her languid accents [flow;

Again upon her crimson couch she laid her weary head;

They looked upon the dark-eyed maid—they looked upon the dead,

That evening, ere the sunset grew red above the town,

A funeral train upon the hills came winding slowly down;

They come with mournful chanting, they bear the dead along,

The sentinels stood still to hear that melancholy song;

To Don Henrique they bore the corpse—they laid it at his feet,

Pale grew the youthful warrior that pale sweet face to meet,

As if in quiet slumber, the Moorish maid was laid,

And her white hands were folded, as if in death she prayed;

Her long black hair on either side was parted on her brow,

And her cold cheek was colder than marble or than snow.

Yet lovelier than a living thing she met the warrior's gaze,

Around her was the memory of many happy days;

He knew his young companion, though long dark years had flown,

Well had she kept her childlike faith—she was in death his own,

Bring ye this here a ransom for those devoted walls?

None answered—but around the tent a deeper silence falls;

None knew the maiden's meaning, save he who bent above,

Ah! only love can read within the hidden heart of love.

There came from these white silent lips more eloquence than breath,

The tenderness of childhood—the sanctity of death.

He felt their old familiar love had ties he could not break,

[maiden's sake.]

The warrior spared the Moorish town, for that dead

"Sir William Stanley.

The man was old, his hair was gray—

And I have heard the old man say,

Keep thou from royal courts away;

In proof thereof, he went to tell

The Stanley's fatal chronicle.

King Henry sat amid his court, and of the nobles there
Not one with William Stanley for favour could compare;
He was the royal chamberlain, and on his bended knee
William King Henry's silver cup the red wine poured he.

There came a knight in presence there, he named my master's name,

As he stood betting golden coin upon the royal game.

And on Sir Robert Clifford's word, they took his sword away,

[day.]

And William Stanley to the Tower was prisoner sent that

God only knows the hearts of men, but 'twas a wondrous thing.

My noble master should comprise against the crowned

For well I know on Bosworth Field it was his red right hand

That placed upon Earl Richmond's brow King Richard's

But ancient service is forgot; and he, the Wise man, said,

Think no evil of the king upon thy lonely bed;

And therefore little will I name of what I then heard told,

That my good lord's worst treasons were his broad lands and his gold.

I saw him on the scaffold stand, the axe was gleaming bright,

But I will say he faced its shine as best became a knight;

He prayed a prayer—he knelt him down—there smote a sullen sound.

I saw my master's severed head upon the dark red ground,

No nobles bore the noble's pall, there was no funeral bell,

But I stood weeping by the grave of him I loved so well,

I know not of the right or wrong, but this much let me say,

[courts away.]

Would God my master had been kept from kings and

4 Behov Castle, Seat of the Duke of Rutland. Inscribed to Lady Esmeline Stuart Worley.

'Tis an old and stately castle,

In an old and stately wood;

Thoughts and shadows gathered round it,

Of the ages it had stood.

But not of the ancient warriors,

Whose red banners swept its towers,

Nor of any lovely lady,

Blooming in its former bower—

Think I now—but but one as lovely,

And more gifted, haunts my line.

In the visions round you castle

Is no fairer one than thine!

I can fancy thee in childhood

Wandering through each haunted scene,

Peopling the green glades around thee

With the thoughts of what had been:

Asking of each leaf its lesson,

Of each midnight star its tale,

Till thy fancy caught revelations

From the music of the gale.

Yet, whence did thy late inherit

All it knows of human grief?—

What does thou know of the knowledge

On life's dark and daily leaf?

In thy woman-hearted pages,

How much sympathy appears

With the sorrowful and real,

All that only speaks in tears!

Have those large bright eyes been darkened,

By the shadows from below?

Rather would I deem thee dreaming

Over grief that canst not know.

But thou hast the poet's birthright,

In a heart too warm and true,

Wreath thy dark hair with the laurel—

On it rests the midnight dew!"

"Gibraltar. Scene during the Plague.

At first, I only buried one,

And she was borne along

By kindred mourners to her grave,

With sacred rite and song.

At first, the men for me to pray

Beside the bed of death:

They blessed their household, and they breathed

Prayer in their latest breath.

But then men died more rapidly—

They had not time to pray;

And from the pillow love had smoothed,

Fear fled in haste away.

And then there came the fastened door—

Then came the guarded street—

Friends in the distance watched for friends;

Watched,—that they might not meet.

And Terror by the hearth stood cold,

And rent all natural ties,

And men, upon the bed of death

Met only stranger eyes:

The nurse and guard, stern, harsh, and wan,

Remained, unpitying, by;

They had known so much wretchedness.

They did not fear to die.

Heavily hung the old church-bells,

But no one came to prayer:

The weeds were growing in the street,

Silence and Fate were there.

Over the first grave, and flowers were thrown,

Tears fell, and flowers were thrown,

The last grave held six hundred lives,

And there I stood alone."

We could go on quoting until we filled the *Gazette*; but our readers will, we are sure, acknowledge that our extracts have abundantly established the position with which we introduced them.

We must not omit to notice the handsome manner in which the publishers have got up the volume. The jewel deserved, indeed, to be richly set.

The English Bijou Almanack for 1837. Mr. SCHLOSS has another of these literary gems on the eve of publication, and bespeaks public favour in the following address: —

"It was said of old, that a little book might be a great evil; but the proprietor of the *English Bijou Almanack* trusts he may assert, that such is the progress of intelligence and improvement, he has been able to reverse the suspicion, and prove that a little book can be a great good. It is not

* Fine by degrees, and beautifully less?"

And yet is it not curiously adorned by art, and sweetly illustrated by the Muse? The useful and agreeable in literature were never confined within so tiny a compass before. Nevertheless, considerable expense has been incurred; and, thanks to the public encouragement of the past, the publisher has only to express his belief that, unless he made his design invisible, it would be impossible for him to display more spirit in the endeavour to secure the continuation of that cheering patronage. That her gracious majesty, the queen, should deign to permit so slight a performance to be adorned with her august name, is most gratifying; and, while he offers his deep-felt thanks for the honour, the publisher will, with humility, beg leave to say, that it will stimulate him to the

greatest exertions that can be exercised upon so limited a field."

"Table of Contents."—A complete Calendar; Chronological Tables of the Sovereigns and Royal Families of Europe; a List of all the Scientific and Literary Institutions; of all the Places of Amusement in London; six Portraits, finely engraved on steel—1. The Queen—2. Mrs. Somerville—3. Goethe—4. Coleridge—5. Von Raumer—6. Cooper. With Poetical Illustrations by L. E. L. Postscript.—Since the above list was formed, the publisher has felt that his volume would be incomplete without some memorial of her whose genius was so lately the delight of thousands.—He will have the sorrowful pleasure of presenting the public with a portrait of Madame Malibran; and one of her favourite airs, from the 'Maid of Artois,' by W. Balfe, Esq. &c. &c.—With a few tributary lines by L. E. L."

The Gift: A Christmas and New Year's Present for 1837. Edited by Miss Leslie. 8vo. pp. 321. Philadelphia, 1836. Carey and Hart.

An American Annual, ready to enter the field with the earliest of our own, is really a novelty, and the *Gift* is a novelty in many other respects. It is full of new situations, and has caught a fresh air coming over the Atlantic. The "Burial of the Emigrant's Babe," by Mrs. Sigourney, is very touching; and we must mention, with praise, the names of Embury, Clark, and C. W. Thomson. We give the following story entire, as most characteristic and American:—

The Count and the Cousin.—“Who is that beautiful girl to whom you bowed so familiarly?” said Charles Winstanley to Horace Grenville, as they proceeded down the steps of the City Hotel. “That was Adelaide Walsingham, your cousin and mine, Charles,” said Horace; “really you must have left your memory among the beauties of Paris, if you cannot recognise your nearest of kin.” “You forget, Horace, that when I last saw Adelaide, she was a lively little hoyden, scarce ten years old;—the lapse of seven years makes a wonderful difference in a lady, whatever it may do with a gentleman.” “Nay, if you begin to discuss Time’s changes, Charles, I must confess you cannot congratulate yourself upon having escaped a touch of his finger. Who, in that bronzed complexion and hirsute visage, could discover any traces of the smooth-cheeked boy whom I last saw on the deck of a French packet-ship some seven years ago? But tell me, why did you not write that you were coming home?” “Because I did not know my own mind, Horace; I really was not quite certain about it until I had been a week at sea. The odd pronunciation of my German valet having caused my name to be placed on the list of passengers as Mr. Stanley, it occurred to me that the mistake would enable me to return incognito, and I thought I would humour the joke, if but to see how many of my old friends would recognise me. I arrived late last evening, and should now be a perfect stranger in my native city, had I not accidentally met you this morning; and even you, Horace, did not at first know me.” “Know you, Charles! who the deuce could even see you behind that immense growth of brushwood upon your lip and cheek? Do you really mean to wear those enormous whiskers and moustaches?” “Certainly not longer than suits my present purpose, Horace. When I was in Germany, I learned to wear moustaches for the same reason that I learned to smoke the meerschaum—be-

cause every body else did it. In Paris I reduced them a little, but did not entirely banish them, because there, also, I found them the fashion. A lively little French lady, a passenger in our ship, wagered a pair of Paris gloves that I would not wear them a week in America; I accepted the bet, and for one week you will see me ‘bearded like the pard.’” “Nay, if you like them,” said Horace, laughing, “you need not seek an excuse for wearing them; they are quite the fashion, and ladies now estimate a man, not as they once did, by his altitude, but by the length of his whiskers.” “I have no desire to win ladies’ favour by wearing an unshaven face,” answered Charles. “But pray, Horace, tell me something more about our pretty cousin.” “She is as lovely in character, Charles, as she is in person—but she has one great fault: like the most of our fashionable belles, she has a mania for everything foreign. Her manners, her dress, her servants—all come from abroad; and she has declared to me repeatedly her resolution never to marry an American.” “What is it that my fair countrywomen so much admire in their foreign lovers?” asked Charles. “Oh, they say there is a polish and elegance of manner belonging to foreigners which Americans never possess. Two of Adelaide’s intimate friends have recently married scions of some antediluvian German family, and our lovely cousin is ambitious of forming an equally splendid alliance.” “If she were to marry a western farmer,” said Charles, with a smile, “she would reign over a principality quite as large, and perhaps more flourishing, than usually belongs to these emigrant nobles.” “Adelaide is a noble-hearted girl,” replied Horace, “and I wish she could be cured of her folly.” “If she is really a sensible girl, Horace, and that is her only fault, I think she might be cured.” Horace shook his head. “Come and dine with me, Horace: be careful to tell no one of my arrival, and we’ll discuss the matter over a bottle of fine old maderia, if you are not too fashionable to drink it.” * * * The windows of Mr. Walsingham’s house poured a flood of light through the crimson silk curtains upon the wet and dreary-looking street; while the music, heard at intervals, told to the gaping crowd collected about the door, that the rich were making merry. The decorated rooms were brilliant with an array of youth and beauty, but fairest among them all stood the mistress of the festival. Attired in a robe of white crape, with no other ornament than a pearl bandeau confining her dark tresses, she looked the personification of joy. “Cousin Horace,” she exclaimed, as she saw her favourite cousin enter the room, “you have not been here these three days;” and then, in a lower tone, she added, “who was that splendid Don Whiskerando with whom I saw you walking yesterday?” Horace laid his finger on his lip as a tall figure emerged from the crowd at the entrance of the room: “Miss Walsingham, allow me to present to you the most noble Count Pfeiffenhammer.” The blood mounted into Adelaide’s cheek, as the count bowed low over the hand which he hastened to secure for the next quadrille. There was a mischievous sparkle in Horace’s eye, and a deep and earnest devotedness in the stranger’s manner, which made her feel a little uncomfortable, though she knew not why. A single glance sufficed to shew her that the count was attired in a magnificent court suit, with diamond buckles at the knee, and a diamond band looping up the elegant *chapeau-bras* which encumbered his arm. After some minutes she ven-

tured to look more courageously at him. He was tall, and exceedingly well-shaped; his eyes were very bright; but the chief attraction was a beautiful mouth, garnished with the most splendid moustache that ever graced an American ball-room. Adelaide was delighted. He danced elegantly; not with the stiff awkward manner of an American, who always seems half ashamed of the undignified part he is playing; but with a buoyancy of step, and grace of motion, perfectly unrivalled. Adelaide was enchanted. He spoke English very well; a slight German accent alone betrayed his foreign birth, and Adelaide did not like him the less for that. It is true she felt a little queer when she found herself whirling through the waltz in the arms of an entire stranger, and her brow flushed with something very like anger when she felt his bearded lip upon her hand, as he placed her in a seat; but this was only the freedom of foreign manners. The evening passed away like a dream, and Adelaide retired to her room with a burning cheek, and a frame exhausted by what she deemed pleasure. She was too much excited for sleep; and when she appeared at her father’s breakfast-table (a duty she never neglected), it was with such a pale cheek and heavy eye, that he was seriously alarmed. “These late hours will kill you, my child,” said he, as he kissed her forehead; “I shall return at noon, and if I find you still so languid, I shall send for Dr. ——” So saying, he stepped into his carriage and drove to his counting-room, where, immersed in business, he quite forgot Adelaide’s cheek, until the dinner-hour summoned him from his dingy little office to his stately mansion. As he entered the door, he recollects Adelaide’s exhausted look. “Poor child!” murmured he, “I wonder how she is.” A low musical laugh struck on his ear as the servant threw open the drawing-room; and the sight of her radiant countenance, looking more brilliant than ever, as she sat between cousin Horace and the count, soon quieted his fears. Mr. Walsingham, in common with most Americans of the olden time, had a great prejudice against foreigners. “If they are real lords,” he used to say, “they don’t want my daughter; and if they are not real lords, my daughter don’t want them.” His notions of the Teutonic character was founded upon the wonderful stories which his mother used to tell him about the Hessians; and vague ideas of ruffians and child-eaters were associated in his mind with every thing German. The coldness with which he saluted the noble count formed a striking contrast to the cordial warmth with which he grasped the hand of his nephew. “Glad to see you, Horace—couldn’t speak a word to you last night, you were so surrounded with pretty girls. By the way, boy,” drawing him aside, “who is that hairy-faced fellow?” “That is Count Pfeiffenhammer, uncle.” “Count Pipehammer! well, the Germans have certainly an odd fancy in names. Pray, what is his business?” “Business!” said Horace, laughing; “why, his chief business at present is to receive the revenues of his principality.” “Principality!—fudge!—a few barren acres, with half a dozen mud-hovels on it, I suppose. It won’t do, Horace,—it won’t do! Adelaide deserves something better than a mouthful of moonshine. What the deuce did you bring him here for? I don’t think I could treat him with common civility, if it were not for your sake?” “Then, for my sake, dear uncle, treat him civilly; and I give you my word, you shall not repeat your kindness.” Every day saw the count paying his devotions to the lovely Ade-

laide, and always framing some very winning excuse for his visit. A bouquet of rare exotics, or an exquisite print, a scarce book, or a beautiful specimen of foreign mechanism, were sure to be his apology. Could any girl of seventeen be insensible to such gallant wooing, especially when proffered by a rich young nobleman, who wore such splendid whiskers, and whose mustache and imperial were the envy of all the aspirants after ladies' smiles? Adelaide soon began to discover that, when the count was present, time flew on eagles' wings; and when, after spending the morning in her company, he ventured to make one of the gay circle usually assembled in her drawing-room at evening, she was conscious of a degree of pleasure for which she was unwilling to account. His intimacy with her cousin Horace afforded him the opportunity of being her companion abroad as well as at home; and in the gay evening party, the morning promenade, or the afternoon ride, the handsome count was ever her attendant. A feeling of gratified vanity probably aided the natural goodness of Adelaide's temper, and enabled her to endure, with exemplary equanimity, the railings of her young friends; but she was not so tranquil when her father began seriously to remonstrate against this imprudent intimacy. ' You have had all your whims gratified, Adelaide,' said he, ' now you must indulge one of mine. Adopt as many foreign fashions as you please, but remember that you never, with my consent, marry any other than an American. My fortune has been made by my own industry — my name was transmitted to me unsullied by my father, who armed his patent of nobility when he signed the declaration of independence, and no empty-titled foreigner shall ever reap the fruits of my toil, or teach my daughter to be ashamed of her republican father.' The earnestness of these admonitions, from a parent who had never before spoken except in the words of unbounded tenderness, first led Adelaide to look into the depths of her own heart. She was almost terrified at her own researches, when she found that she had allowed the image of the count to occupy its most hidden recesses. Bitterly did she repent her folly. ' I wish he were an American,' sighed she; ' and yet, if he were, he would not be half so pleasing. How devoted his manners! how much feeling there is in all he says and does! Poor Adelaide! she was like the fascinated bird — she dreaded his power, yet she could not withdraw herself from its influence. She could not conceal from herself the fact, that the manners of the count, too, were greatly changed. From the courtly gallant, he had gradually become the impassioned lover. He treasured her every look and word, and she keenly felt that, in exposing her own peace of mind, she had also risked the loss of his. This state of things could not long exist without an explanation. Six months had scarcely past since Adelaide first beheld the noble stranger, and already her young cheek had lost its glow, and her step its buoyant lightness. She was sitting alone one morning, brooding over her melancholy forebodings, when the door opened, and the object of her thoughts entered. Seating himself beside her, he commenced a conversation, full of those graceful nothings which women always love to hear: but Adelaide was in no mood for gaiety. The count intently watched the play of her eloquent features, and, then, as if had divined the tumult of her feelings, suddenly changed the topic to one of deeper interest. He spoke of himself — of his various adventures — of his personal feelings —

and finally, of his approaching departure for Europe. Adelaide's cheek grew paler as he spoke, but she suppressed the cry which rose to her lips. The count gazed earnestly upon her, then, seizing her hand, and clasping it closely between his own, he poured forth the most passionate expressions of affection. Half fainting with the excess of her emotions, Adelaide sat motionless as a statue, until aroused by the count's entreaties for a reply. With bitter self-reproach, she attempted to answer him. Faltering, but frankly, she stated her father's objections to her union with a foreigner, and blamed herself for having permitted an intimacy which could only end in suffering for both. ' Only tell me, Adelaide, that your father's prejudices are the sole obstacle,' said the count, passionately: ' say that but you could have loved me, and I shall be content.' Adelaide blushed and trembled. ' For the love of Heaven, answer me but by a look!' Timidly that downcast eye was raised to his, and he was answered. ' Adelaide,' he resumed, after a moment's pause, ' we may yet be happy. Could you love the humble citizen as well as the noble count?' A slight pressure of the little hand which lay in his, and a flitting smile on the tremulous lip, were sufficient reply. ' Then hear me, Adelaide,' said her lover; ' I will return to my country — I will restore my honours to him who bestowed them, and then I may hope to merit — ' ' My utter contempt!' cried Adelaide, vehemently. ' What! resign your country — forfeit the name of fathers — desert your inheritance of duties! — No, Count Pfeiffenhammer! if a love of freedom led you to become a citizen of our happy land, none would so gladly welcome you as Adelaide Walsingham; but never would I receive the sacrifice as a tribute to transitory concern.' ' A transitory passion, Adelaide!' ' Could I expect stability of feeling in him who can so easily abandon his native land, and forget the claims of his country! You have taught me a bitter lesson, count. No American would have shewn such weakness of character as I have witnessed in him, whom I fondly believed to be all that his lips professed. Would we had never met,' added she, bursting into tears. ' Adelaide,' said the count, ' you love me — those precious tears assure me that you love me. Be mine, sweet one; your father will not be inexorable — he adores you.' ' And, therefore,' said she, ' you would have me make him wretched for life. Because he looks upon me with idolatry, you would have me desecrate the image he has worshipped! Count Pfeiffenhammer, we must part! You do not understand my nature — I have been deceived in you!' ' You have! you have been deceived, my own sweet cousin,' cried the count, as he covered her hand with passionate kisses. ' You have rejected Count Pfeiffenhammer; will you also refuse the hand of your madeap cousin, Charles Winstanley, whose little wife you were seven years ago?' Adelaide started from her seat in wild surprise. ' What means all this? Charles Winstanley! — the count!' The sudden revulsion of feeling overpowered her, and cousin Horace entered the room just in time to see her sink fainting in Charles Winstanley's arms. Now, the anger of the lady, when she recovered and learned the trick which had been practised upon her — the merriment of cousin Horace — the satisfaction of the father, and the final reconciliation of all differences! — May they not be far better imagined than described. A few weeks after, a splendid party was again assembled in Mr. Walsingham's drawing-rooms; but Adelaide was no longer

the life of the party. Attired in bridal array, and decked with the rich jewels which once sparkled on the person of the false count, she sat in blushing beauty beside her cousin Charles, who, now that he had shaved off his mustache and reduced his whiskers, looked like what he really was, — a true American. But why, Charles, did you woo me in such *outlandish* guise? whispered she, smiling. ' Because, sweet, you vowed to marry none but an *outlandish* wooer. Plain Charles Winstanley would never have been allowed the opportunity of winning the heart which Count Pfeiffenhammer so closely besieged.' ' Ay, ay, Charles,' said the happy father, ' if American women would only value a man for the weight of his brains, rather than the lightness of his heels — and the strength of his principles, rather than the elegance of his manners, we should have less of foreign poppery, and more of honest virtue in our country.' "

The name of Miss Leslie, the fair editor, is well known; and, besides shewing much taste in the arrangement, she has given us a charming story. The whole volume does our American friends much credit.

Memoirs of Lucien Bonaparte.

(Second notice.)

Now that this work is fairly before the public, we shall make one or two more extracts, as a few pages present more vivid pictures of the important events of their time. We give an account of the celebrated Paoli :

" Thus prepared, I ran with a crowd of my countrymen to meet Paoli. He had already received my two elder brothers as the sons of a man who was dear to him, who had possessed his entire confidence, and who had served with him in the war of independence; he welcomed me as such: his caresses intoxicated me; and I counted the moments that delayed our sitting. It opened at length; Paoli was seated in front of the tribune in an arm-chair, ornamented with laurels and crowns of oak. I conquered my momentary agitation, and poured forth my fragments of Needham and Bodin with confidence and warmth. I remember only that they dwelt chiefly upon the preference that the people should give to a republican government. Well chosen for the chief of our ancient republic, and adroitly joined together, those fragments of two grave civilians might well cause wonder and astonishment in the mouth of an orator of seventeen; their effect, therefore, surpassed my hopes. Paoli, in embracing me, called me his little Tacitus. The members of our club who took their part in my triumph, announced then that I had got another harangue ready upon the subject of the death of the curate of Guagni, and Paoli promised us a second audience. * * *

" The village of Rostino is situated on the mountains, and composed only of cottages and some small houses. Paoli inhabited a convent, where he lived with a noble simplicity. He had every day at his frugal, but well-served table, several guests. Every day a numerous crowd of mountaineers waited for the moment of his going out to see and speak to him: they surrounded him with filial respect. He spoke to all like a good father; but what at first surprised me extremely, was his recollecting and calling by their names the chiefs of families whom he had not seen for above a quarter of a century. Those calls, that remembrance, produced upon our islanders a magical effect. The fine head of the noble old man, ornamented with his long white hair, his majestic figure, his mild but penetrating look, his clear and sonorous voice, all contributed to throw an

inexpressible charm upon what he said. To imagine a patriarch legislator in the midst of his numerous race, I do not think that either painting or poetry could borrow more noble features than those which I contemplated for several months at Rostino. Notwithstanding my enthusiasm, upon reflecting one day on the prodigious memory of Paoli, I began to question myself how it was possible. That same scene, repeated several times at each walk, and almost in the same terms, ended by inspiring me with doubts. I was as much as I could be at the side of my hero. I began by observing all the preparations for these daily walks; a monk went always to the cabinet of Paoli before he walked out: I slyly followed him, and I beheld him for several successive days descend into the middle of the crowd, and talk with the chiefs of those who were waiting for an audience. . . . I was upon the track for making discovery; it appeared evident to me that the precursor monk supplied, by his confidential reports, the memory of the patron. I must own, that discovery displeased me: although I observed how greatly that paternal friend rendered so many good old men happy, the shadow of a deception offended my young imagination, and cooled my enthusiasm. I had been less scrupulous as to my speech. . . . We are always more indulgent towards ourselves. But the friendship which he evinced towards me appeared to increase every day; and the little cloud which had arisen over our walks, was shortly dissipated. Paoli loved to talk to me of England—of the true liberty which reigned in that happy country—of the good sense of its inhabitants—of the admirable equilibrium of its political powers. ‘England,’ said he, ‘is not a monarchy; it is a wise and powerful republic: happy would it be for France if she would take England for her model.’ All those conversations astonished me, —they were beyond my comprehension: my wise interlocutor did me more honour than I deserved; his lessons appeared strange to me, and soon they ceased to please me: I observed, under the Anglo-mania, which I understood but very vaguely at that time, a little antipathy towards France; it wounded me deeply. Paoli perceived, and he adjusted his lessons to what he called my college prejudices. He made the same attempt with my two elder brothers, that he had made to win me, but with more circumspection, as he was very anxious to gain us entirely; he had frequent conferences with Joseph and Napoleon, but he soon saw the utility of his efforts. Notwithstanding the horror with which the revolutionary excesses inspired us, we felt assured that they would be calmed, and that the benefits of the revolution would survive its atrocities: we were Frenchmen, and we had faith in the future. Besides which, our island had maintained itself pure from the dreadful excesses which had sullied so many communes of the continent.

Cromwell.—“Cromwell, like the triumvirs, wanted also to concentrate, to simplify, and to perfect the parliamentary government; and, as there is nothing less eccentric, more simple, and less complicated, than the absolute power of one single man, Cromwell secured the whole power to himself. But Cromwell was English; he did not impose his yoke in the name of a foreign power. Before he employed force against the parliament, he waited patiently till that assembly had lost its popularity by its errors: he introduced his agents into it, exercised them to act in direct opposition to public opinion, and reduced it to so great a degree of ignominy, that, when it endeavoured to assume a parliamentary attitude, the time was past,

Cromwell entered the House of Commons, he commanded his soldiers to overturn this puppet of national representation. His soldiers obeyed.”

The Influence of a Word.—“The spectre of discord and aristocracy figured in my discourse. In speaking of discord, I expressed a very clear idea; and, unfortunately, I spoke only a melancholy truth. But what did I then mean by aristocracy? It was not the aristocracy of the peerage; for the directory did not think of again raising at Milan that privileged caste. The question was only a reduction amongst the functionaries. It was to that reduction, then, that I gave the terrible epithet of an aristocratical measure. The measure was, notwithstanding, ill chosen: it tended only to strengthen the cradle of the Italian republic, and not to deliver it up into the hands of the enemies of the aristocracy. My figure of rhetoric was, then, but an imaginary spectre: notwithstanding, it had more effect than solid reasoning. Strange power of certain words in revolutions! Magic power, sometimes beneficial, too often fatal! No word had a greater influence amongst us than that of aristocrat. The anathema against aristocracy, born in 1789, has not yet grown old in 1836! It is always the same word: but to what different ideas, and often the most opposite, has it not been applied! . . . In 1789, it indicated the defenders of the abuses of the ancient régime, the blind partisans of the reunion of all the powers in one single hand. And since that, they have transferred it in turn to the wisest defenders of the liberty of the new régime, and to the enlightened partisans of the division and equilibrium of powers. The ministers of Louis XVI., Necker, Malesherbes, Roland, Bailly, Lafayette, the Feuillants, the Girondins, the Moderates,—in one word, all those who were overthrown, received in turn that cruel epithet, the preface to the scaffold. We had passed those deplorable crises; but the word, though it had ceased to be mortal, had not ceased to be equally odious. It would have been very unwise not to let fly that arrow at one’s adversaries. I did like the rest: all who were meant to be held up to public hatred were branded with that appellation. We bore some resemblance to the good people of lower Brittany, who were so much occupied with the idea of the Gabelle, that they beheld it every where, even in the clouds which Madame de Sevigné received from Paris!”

We now close these pages, deeply impressed with their value as a political profession of faith, from one of the most important actors in one of the most important periods in all history.

Reminiscences, in Prose and Verse; consisting of the Epistolary Correspondence of many distinguished Characters, with Notes and Illustrations. By the Rev. Richard Polwhele. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1836. Nichols and Son.

MUCH that these pages contain must necessarily have only a local interest. To the public at large they present the opinions and remembrances of an amiable man, with whose name it has long been familiar. Our best criticism will be, to give an idea of the work by a few varia selections.

Western Superstitions.—“The Superstitions of Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and Cornwall, assimilate in a surprising manner. The holy wells, the sacred waters, of oriental origin; the goblins and witches, the horseshoe nailed to the

door, &c. &c. are all Erse. For the prototype of Sir W. Scott’s Elspat, look into Humphry Clinker, where you will be ‘shewn an old wench, called Elspat, with a red petticoat, and bleared eyes,’ &c.

“Reading ‘Cyril Thornton’ I was struck by the following passage: ‘I thought (said Grey) ye had been awa’ plain the Laird ye brother in the moors.’—vol. i. 201. Thus ‘The Rural Rector’: ‘She is going to be led a’ today,’ said the rustic; on which it is remarked, ‘This is a provincial expression full of religious meaning; ‘She is going to be led’ it is going to be buried, as the corn is buried in the ground, to spring up again into new life.’—vol. i. p. 18.”

Eccentricities.—“Speaking of Walmsley of Falmouth, I am reminded of two incidents that happened there, or in its immediate neighbourhood, not a great while ago, viz. the corpse of a lady whom I well knew, brought down to Falmouth, from ———r, where she died, in her harpsichord case! The lady had been very musical in life; and she was celebrated in an epigram (which I forget) as musical, in death. About the same time, a husband, not less eccentric, landed on the Block-rock, with his wife, and there left her, exposed to the wild winds and waves! She was brought off senseless, but soon recovered. It was a desperate remedy for epileptic fits! The fits, it seems, were transferred from the wife to the apprentice. A wonderfully accurate marksman, this gentleman offered the apprentice ‘a golden guinea’ for suffering him to shoot at a mark directly above the boy’s head; the boy standing still almost in contact with it. He discharged the ball, and hit the mark; but the boy fell into fits.”

New System of Botany.—“Another of his witticisms rushes into my mind:—Of the elms in Truro churchyard (all of coetaneous growth) there was one of singular dimensions. It was difficult to account for its peculiar bulkiness. ‘Oh! (said Pye) nothing easier.—It took root in that fat Alderman I—.’ A corpulent man of corpulent notoriety—once Toby Philpot.”

Clerical Handwritings.—“Bishop Horne’s is not a bold but a serene hand, if I may so say; its author at peace with himself, his fellow-creatures, and his God. Bago’s, savouring of high-birth, learning, and piety. Randolph’s, ever fluent, and distinct, from the distances between the words—the hand of business and dispatch, and confidence in its correctness: that of Ross, not unlike Randolph’s, but not so legible. Bathurst’s, large and like autographs which I have seen of his family, but of late enfeebled by old age. Bishop Tomline’s, that of an author whose pen was in continual exercise—or an intellectual cast. Buller’s, that of a sensible and feeling, rather than of a literary complexion. Courtenay’s, more of literature, but less of quietude. Fisher’s, plain, but inelegant. Pelham’s, not scholarlike, but speaking, I could fancy, open-heartedness, without a shade of the pride of nobility. Bishop Mant’s, remarkable for placidity and equability. Of Bishop Sparke’s, I observed some years ago, in a letter to a friend, ‘What think you of your diocesan’s handwriting? It appears to me to be that of a mathematician.’ So I said, before, in the ‘Living Biography,’ I perceived that he had been senior wrangler at Cambridge. He carried off indeed all the classical prizes—Greek, Latin, prose and verse!—so that he must have been a man of taste and genius. Having discovered this, I came at length to the conclusion, on an accurate examination of every word and every letter, that his was the autograph of Science and Philology in union.”

Various Handwritings.—“ Dunning’s (Lord Ashburton’s) pretty neat hand was formed, I conceive, to hoodwink his profession. Indeed, he should not have peeped out here among our unprofessional men. There is something affected in his hand. Tranquil and composed, at a glance it shews, on further examination, a symptom of disquietude. Lord Colchester’s, a fine flowing hand. Lord Eldon’s, a beautifully clear hand, indicating a clear head. Lord Mulgrave’s, neat, not straight in lines; Lord Melville’s, not elegant. Lord Lyndhurst’s, rather professional; and so is Lord Sidmouth’s. Lord Grenville’s, cramped by infirmity. Lord Barrington’s, ill-formed, careless. Lord De Dunstanville’s, almost illegible from habitual dispatch, as if to save time—doing good unremittingly, perseveringly; and here we have,—in every letter, I had almost said in every syllable, every word, every period,—talents, and spirit, and benevolence. The autographs of Julius Caesar, and Salisbury, slight, spider-like; Sir John Morshead (Lord Warden of the Stannaries), a gentleman’s, free and careless; Pitt’s (Lord Warden), Jekyll’s, plain, gentlemanly, not at all professional; Erakine’s, professional, but quick, as if from quick conception.”

Anecdote of Wolcot.—“ Our bedchamber has passed through many changes. It is full of reminiscences. Its various decorations were the work of Rosewarne, in its lofty doors and window-frames of mahogany, and specimens of foreign marble in its chimney-piece (the most beautiful I ever saw), we recognise the wealthy merchant. Here he had his grand concerts and splendid assemblies: here he exhausted, in his suppers, all the luxuries of the season. Here he entertained the first personages of the country: among whom his ‘ friend Pitt’ (the first Lord Camelot) was a frequent guest. And here a strange farce was once acted,—Wolcot the manager. Its dramatic effect can be conceived by those only who were acquainted with the characters. Rosewarne had a poor relation, a Mrs. Incledon, whom he was too proud to notice. He suffered her to go from town to town, selling quack medicines for her support. Wolcot had a project for mortifying Rosewarne; and, on the watch every day after, at length exulted in the happy moment. Poor cousin Incledon was (as we Cornish say) *trapesing* through the streets in rags, and bespattered with mud, and Henry Rosewarne was encircled by lords, and baronets, and ladies, gay and glittering; when Wolcot, seizing the old lady, dragged her up-stairs and pushed her into the room, and bowed to Rosewarne, with ‘ Henry! your cousin Incledon! Mrs. Incledon! your cousin Henry!’ I refer my readers to my History of Cornwall, for some anecdotes of the old lady, and of her son, the celebrated musical performer. Davies Gilbert reminded me, not an hour ago, March 1835, of the above anecdote, which I had often heard, but had forgotten. ‘ This is the very room (cried he, as I shewed him our bed-chamber)—the very room into which Rosewarne poked cousin Incledon in her red cloak, all among the gentry.’ ”

We should mention that there is a collection of the venerable author’s poems in the third volume.

Life of Edward the Black Prince, &c.

[Third notice: conclusion.]

In compliance with the promise in *Lit. Gaz.*, No. 1028., we subjoin some interesting particulars respecting the celebrated siege of Calais.

“ In the tower constructed by Edward at the entrance of the harbour, every machine then known for casting projectiles was em-

ployed; and we find from Froissart, that esprongs, bombards, and what he calls *arcos à tourz*, were mingled on the walls; so that even the smaller boats were almost certain to be sunk in any attempt to introduce provisions into the besieged place. From that moment the famine became dreadful in Calais: bread was not to be procured; almost all the horses were devoured; dogs, cats, and rats, furnished food for the highest tables; and the most noisome objects were eagerly sought for and employed to support existence. These also were at length consumed; and provisions drew so near an end, that death in the most horrible of shapes began to present itself to the garrison. One dreadful alternative remained: but I cannot express the fearful state of mind to which the men of Calais were reduced better than by translating the last letter of the governor to the King of France:—

“ Very dear and much redoubted lord,—I command myself to you as far as I may, the more as I much desire to hear of your condition, which our Lord of his grace ever maintains in well being. And should you desire to know the state of your town of Calais, be assured that, when this letter was written, we were all safe and well, and in great willingness to serve you and to do all for your honour and profit. But, very dear and much redoubted lord, you must know that, although our people are all safe and well, the town is in want of corn, and wine, and meat; for know that there is nothing that has not been all eaten, even to the dogs, the cats, and the horses; and in the town there is no food to be found, unless we eat the flesh of our own people. I formerly wrote to you, that I would hold out the town as long as we had any thing to eat; but we are now at that point that we have no more food. Thus we have agreed amongst ourselves, that if we have not speedy aid, we will issue out of the town into the fields, and fight to live or to die; for we love better to die honourably in the field than the one to feed upon the other. Therefore, very dear and much redoubted lord, apply what remedy may seem meet to you; for if some remedy or advice be not speedily applied, you will never have letter more from me, and the town will be lost, with us who are therein. The Lord give you a happy life and long, and yield you the will, in case we die for you, to recompense our children.”

This letter was intrusted to the master of a Genoese vessel, then in the harbour of Calais; and early in the morning, in company with another ship, he slipped his cable, got past the fort, and out to sea. He was soon perceived, however, by the commanders of some English vessels returning towards Calais, who immediately gave chase. The French ship effected its return with difficulty to the port; the Genoese made all sail, but in his flight he kept too near the land, and struck on a shoal. All on board were taken; but, prior to his capture, the master had tied the letter with which he was charged to an axe, and cast it into the sea. It was found, however, at the next ebb of the tide; and, being carried to Edward, shewed him at once the desperate condition to which the garrison was reduced. Without hesitation he sent on the epistle to Philip, and waited the result.”

The French army retreated, and the town was compelled to surrender:—“ The strict laws of war in those days unhappily justified the barbarous practice of putting to death the garrison of a town captured under such circumstances; and the inhabitants of Calais had

proved so destructive to the British trade by their piracies, that Edward seemed determined to exercise against them the utmost severity. Sir Walter de Mauny, however, interceded long and boldly; representing to his sovereign that none of his soldiers would willingly defend a town on his behalf from the day forward on which he put to death the people of Calais, as beyond all doubt the French would retaliate at every succeeding siege. All the other nobles who were present seconded warmly the arguments of the knight of Hainault; and Edward was at length induced to yield in some degree. He demanded that six* of the most notable burghers of the captured city, with bare heads and feet, with ropes about their necks, and the keys of the fortress in their hands, should deliver themselves up for execution. On these conditions, he agreed to spare the rest.”

All the old English historians affirm that Calais had for years been a nest of pirates, whose depredations were principally carried on against the English and the Flemings; and Villani repeats the same story in the following forcible words:—‘ Pocoche Calese era uno ricetto di corsali, e spilonca di ladroni e pirati di mare.’

Mr. James follows Froissart in his account of the queen’s intercession, &c., but we know from records lately quoted in the *Literary Gazette*, that this is only the dramatising of the old chronicler. Our author adds a note:—

Monsieur de Brequigny, in his second Mémoire on this subject, ‘ Mémoires de l’Académie des Belles Lettres,’ vol. xxxvii., proves beyond a doubt that an immense number of the French inhabitants were permitted to remain, and received houses in the city from the conqueror. At the head of these was Eustace de St. Pierre, to whom Edward not only granted, on the 8th October, 1347, almost all the possessions he had formerly held in Calais, but also a considerable pension. I am strongly inclined to believe, that every one was permitted to remain, who chose to swear fealty to the English king; and there can be no doubt, that indignation at the strange feebleness of Philip’s endeavours to relieve them, induced many to do homage to his rival. On this pension granted to St. Pierre, however, and on the fact that Edward bestowed a portion of the forfeited possessions of the townsmen upon Philippa, suspicions have been raised in regard to the whole story of the fall of Calais. The devotion of St. Pierre, and the intercession of Philippa, have been doubted, if not denied. Such doubts seem to me idle, especially with respect to Philippa. In regard to St. Pierre, it seems to me not at all inconsistent with probability, that the man who could devote himself to death for the safety of his fellow-citizens, should feel so indignant at him who had reduced them by his folly and weakness to such a state, as to remain in the town after it had passed under the sway of a more brilliant and successful monarch, and attach himself more strongly to the gallant conqueror than he had ever done to his feeble and ungenerous rival. Respecting Philippa, it may be shewn that the whole of her participation in these events is proved by as strong historical evidence as that which can be adduced for any other fact in the annals of the world. That she was present when Calais surrendered is proved by the state papers. That a certain number of citizens went unarmed to offer their lives for the rest, is

* The same manuscript cited above, says, that the number of victims was eight, four being chosen from the burghers of the town, four from the military Garrison.—*Hist. de Calais*, vol. i. p. 740.

shewn by the MS. of St. Bertinus, by Froissart, by Villani, and by an eye-witness, Sir Thomas de la More. Was it unnatural that a noble-minded woman, seeing such a scene as must have presented itself in the English camp on the arrival of the victims, should be moved by their distress, and intercede on their behalf? Would it not have been utterly unnatural if Philippa had failed to do so? But the statement does not alone rest upon the authority of Froissart. It is confirmed by Villani, who died before the chronicler of Hainault had made his work public, who was an inhabitant of another land, derived his information from other sources, and whose testimony, therefore, proves that the intercession of Philippa was a matter of notoriety at the time. That afterwards, in the confiscation of the property of those inhabitants of Calais who refused to remain and do homage to the English king, she received a considerable donation from her husband, proves nothing on any part."

MISCELLANEOUS.

National Lyricks, by Felicia Hemans. Second edition. With an Introductory Notice of her Life.—This is an exquisite little volume, of a fairy size, prettily bound in flowered silk, and gilt. So much for its personal appearance, which is, as Lord Chesterfield says, a letter of recommendation all the world over. Its contents ought, indeed, to have every literary luxury lavished upon them. The *National Lyricks* are some of the most delightful things that Mrs. Hemans ever wrote. Of our own early admiration we can give no more striking proof than that several of them first appeared in our own columns: among others, "England's Dead," which has been so splendidly set to music by Mrs. Hemans's sister.

The Son of Duplicity. 8vo. pp. 351. (London, Ridgway and Sons; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—There is a poetical imagination and marks of cultivated taste in this story; but the language is too fine, and a classical subject not well adapted to the present taste.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At the last monthly meeting, the balance in favour of the Society, exclusive of 500*l.* invested in the 3 per cent consols, was declared to be 1735*l.* 17*s.* 9*d.* carried to account for October. Nearly 20,000 persons visited the gardens and museum in September. In a note from the Rev. Mr. H. Dugmore to the secretary, it is stated, that Lieut.-Col. Mason, of Neeton Hall, near Swaffham, has had a sea-eagle, *Haliaetus albicilla* Sav., in confinement for the last sixteen years. It lately dropped an egg, which is now in the writer's collection. The egg is perfectly white, and not quite so large as that of a goose; the shell is rather harder. Mr. Harvey, a corresponding member of the Society, furnishes the following details respecting specimens of a *Tubularia* (polype), which he discovered at the steam-bridge on the river Dart, where it grows in clusters, between the links of the chain over which this floating bridge is propelled. The locality of this polype is very confined. The bridge in question is propelled upon two chains, about six feet distant from each other, and stretching across the river. On the western chain, not a cluster could be seen; but, on the eastern one, there were upwards of an hundred groups, in spite of the immense friction to which they were exposed. Mr. Harvey states, that he has since observed the same animals growing on the links over which the floating bridge at Devonport runs, and there they do not occupy a space exceeding 150 feet. After the clusters had been kept in a large bowl, for two days, they were observed to droop and look unhealthily. On the third day, the heads were all thrown off, and lying on the bottom of the vessel; all the pink colouring matter was deposited in the form of a cloud, and, when it had

stood quietly for two days, it became a very fine powder. Thinking that the tubes were dead, Mr. Harvey was going to throw them away, but he happened to be under the necessity of quitting home for two days, and, on his return, he found a thin transparent film being protruded from the top of every tube; he then changed the water every day, and, in three days' time, every tube had a small body reproduced upon it.

ANDREW CROSSE, ESQ.

At a recent *conversazione* of the scientific institution lately established at Brighton, under the name of the Sussex Institution and Martellian Museum, Dr. Martell read valuable communication from Sir Richard Phillips, descriptive of a visit to Andrew Crosse, Esq. of Somersetshire, the celebrated mineralogist, whose discoveries occasioned so much interest at the late Bristol meeting. From that communication (published in the *Brighton Herald*) the following is an extract. After describing the account given by Mr. Crosse, at Bristol, to the British Association, of his experiments on the production and conversion of mineral substances; and stating that gentleman invited all who chose to visit his retreat in the Quantock Hill, where he would shew them his apparatus and the present state of his experiments, Sir Richard thus proceeds:—

"The originality of the circumstance determined me at once to accept his invitation; and the day after that on which the business of the Association was finished, I proceeded to Bridgewater, from which Broomfield is distant about eight miles in the hill country. On reaching the handsome mansion of Mr. Crosse, situated in an undulating park, studded with trees of great bulk and age, I was received with much politeness, and found that I was the first visitor from Bristol. As I was preparing to retain my conveyance to convey me back to Bridgewater, I was requested to return it, and pressed to stay to dinner and take a bed. Breakfast being well served, Mr. Crosse then conducted me into a large and lofty apartment, built for a music-room, with a capital organ in the gallery; but I could look at nothing but the seven or eight tables which filled the area of the room, covered with extensive voltaic batteries of all forms, sizes, and extents. They resembled battalions of soldiers in exact rank and file, and seemed innumerable. They were in many forms; some in porcelain troughs of the usual construction, some like the *couronnes des tasses*, others cylindrical, some in pairs of glass vessels, with double metallic cylinders: besides these, others of glass jars, with stripes of copper and zinc. Altogether there were 500 voltaic pairs at work in this great room; and in other rooms about 500 more. There were, besides, other 500 ready for new experiments. It seemed like a great magazine for voltaic purposes. There are also two large workshops, with furnaces, tools, and implements of all descriptions, as much as would load two or three waggons. In the great room there is also a very large electrical machine, with a 20-inch cylinder, and a smaller one; and in several cases all the apparatus in perfect condition, as described in the best books on electricity. The prime conductor stood on glass legs, two feet high, and there was a medical discharger on a glass leg of five feet. Nothing could be in finer order; and no private electrician in the world could, perhaps, shew a greater variety, both for experiments and amusement. Beneath the mahogany cover of a table, on which stood the prime con-

ductor, &c., was enclosed a magnificent battery of 50 jars, comprising 73 square feet of coating. Its construction, by Cuthbertson, was in all respects most perfect. To charge it required 250 vigorous turns of the wheel, and its discharge made a report as loud as a blunderbuss. It fuses and disperses wires of various metals; and the walls of the apartment are covered with framed impressions of the radiations from the explosion taken at sundry periods. Mr. Crosse struck one while I was present, and he has promised me one as an electrical curiosity, and a memento of my visit. But Mr. Crosse's greatest electrical curiosity, was his apparatus for measuring, collecting, and operating with, atmospheric electricity. He collects it by elevated poles to poles, or from trees to trees, in his grounds and park. The wires are insulated by means of glass tubes well contrived for the purpose. At present, he has about a quarter of a mile of wire spread abroad, and in general about a third of a mile. A French gentleman had reported to the section at Bristol, that the wires extended twenty miles, filling the entire neighbourhood with thunder and lightning, to the great terror of the peasantry, who, in consequence, left Mr. Crosse in the full enjoyment of his game and rabbits. This exaggeration Mr. Crosse laughed at most heartily, though he acknowledged that he knew that no small terror prevailed in regard to him and his experiments. The wires are connected with an apparatus in a window of his organ gallery, which may be detached at pleasure, when too violent, by simply turning an insulated lever; but in moderate strength, it may be conducted to a ball suspended over the great battery, which, connected with it, is charged rapidly, and is then discharged by means of an universal discharger. He told me that sometimes the current was so great as to charge and discharge the great battery twenty times in a minute, with reports as loud as cannon, which, being continuous, were so terrible to strangers, that they always fled, while every one expected the destruction of himself and premises. He was, however, he said, used to it, and knew how to manage and control it; but when it got into a passion, he coolly turned his insulating lever, and conducted the lightning into the ground. It was a damp day, and we regretted that our courage could not be put to the test. Every thing about this part of Mr. Crosse's apparatus is perfect, and much of it his own contrivance, for he is clever in all mechanical arrangements, and has been unrewarded in his application, almost night and day, for thirty years past. I learned, too, that in the purchase and fitting of his apparatus, he has expended nearly 3000*l.*, although, in most cases, he is his own manipulator, carpenter, smith, copper-smith, &c. About twelve Professors Sedgwick arrived, and in the afternoon one or two others, besides seven or eight gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who had been invited to meet us at dinner, for Mr. Crosse united to the rank of esquire that of a county magistrate, in the duties of which he is respected alike for his humanity to the poor, and for his liberal opinions in politics. Mrs. Crosse I had not the pleasure of seeing, one of the sons being ill. Mr. Crosse himself was educated at Oxford, and his second son holds the living of Broomfield. He is master of all his father's experiments, and, in spite of the complaints of an Oxford education, I found him to be a very expert mathematician, well read, and variously accomplished. At seven o'clock we enjoyed a dinner, as well served as

I ever saw any state-dinner in London; and beds being reserved for Professor Sedgwick and myself, we next morning renewed our survey, previous to fresh arrivals; and I took notes of every thing connected with his aqueous voltaic batteries, in the following order, errors excepted:—1. A battery of 100 pairs, of 25 square inches, charged like all the rest with water, operating on cups containing one ounce of carbonate of barytes and powdered sulphate of alumine, intended to form sulphate of barytes at the positive pole, and crystals of alumine at the negative. 2. A battery of 11 cylindrical pairs, 12 inches by 4. This, by operating six months on fluote of silver, had produced large hexagonal crystals at the negative pole, and crystals of silica and chalcedony at the positive. 3. A battery of 100 pairs, of 4 square inches, operating on slate 832, and platina 3, to produce hexagonal crystals at the positive pole. 4. A battery of 100 pairs, 5 inches square, operating on nitrate of silver and copper, to produce malachite at the positive pole; at the negative pole, crystals already appear with decided angles and facets. 5. A battery of 16 pairs, of 2 inches, in small glass jars, acting on a weak solution of nitrate of silver, and already producing a compact vegetation of native silver. 6. A battery, esteemed his best, of 813 pairs, 5 inches, insulated on glass plates on deal bars, coated with cement, and so slightly oxydized by water as to require cleaning but once or twice a year by pumping on them. I felt the effect of 458 pairs in careless order, and imperfectly liquitated, and they gave only some tinglings of the fingers; but this power, in a few weeks, produces decided effects. 7. A battery of 12 pairs, 25 inches zinc, and 36 copper, charged two months before with water, and acting on a solution of nitrate of silver, poured on green bottle-glass, coarsely powdered. It had already produced a vegetation of silver at the positive pole. 8. A battery of 150 galley-pots, with semicircular plates of $\frac{1}{4}$ inch radius, placed on glass plates, and acting for five months, through a small piece of Bridgewater porous brick, on a solution of silex and potash. I saw at the poles small crystals of quartz. 9. A battery of 30 pairs, similar to No. 8, acting since July 27, on a mixture, in a mortar, of sulphate of lead, of white oxide, of antimony, of sulphate of copper, and of green sulphate of iron (205 grains), and three times the whole of green bottle-glass (615 grains). The result has been, in five weeks, a precipitation, on the negative wire, of pure copper in two days, and crystallized iron pyrites in four days. It had been expected to produce sulphurates of lead, copper, and antimony, by depriving the sulphates of their oxygen. On August 10th and 28th, 25 grains and 40 grains of sulphate of iron were added. 10. A battery of five jars, with plates of different metals, as two copper and platina, one of lead, and one silver and iron, and one copper and lead.—Experimental. 11, 12, and 13. About 200 pairs in three batteries, working in a dark room, of which I took no note."

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrations of Ackermann's Forget-Me-Not for 1837. Ackermann and Co. TEN pleasing and clever plates. People are frequently advised to put their best *head* foremost. Messrs. Ackermann and Co. have, in this publication, put their best *head* foremost; for the frontispiece, "Lady Blanche," engraved by C. Rolls, from a picture by E. T.

Parris, is decidedly the best production of the sort in the volume. Unless we are strangely mistaken, it is the portrait (and an excellent resemblance) of a young lady whom we have had the pleasure of knowing from her childhood, and whose beauty of face, and elegance of person, are equalled by the unaffectedness of her manners, and the kind and amiable qualities of her mind. "Faithful Carlo," engraved by C. Rolls, from a picture by E. Landseer, R.A., like every thing that able artist does, is full of character and power. "Anabel's Dream," engraved by J. Stocks, from a picture by Miss Satchell, does the fair artist great credit. The only drawback to its being a very graceful composition is the position of Ida's left hand, which juts out rather awkwardly. "The Giant's Staircase, Doge's Palace, Venice," engraved by J. Carter, from a drawing by S. Prout, is a splendid piece of architectural filigree. Mr. Carter has entered fully into Mr. Prout's feeling. "The Sleeping Beauty," engraved by F. Bacon, from a picture by J. Wood, is replete with poetical fancy and picturesque effect. Of the original of "The Bridal Toilette," engraved by F. Bacon, from a drawing by G. Cattermole, we spoke when it was exhibited at the Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours: Mr. Bacon has done it great justice. "Puss and the Poetess," engraved by F. S. Engleheart, from a picture by H. P. Parker; "The Sorceress," engraved by G. A. Periam, from a picture by Miss F. Corbaux; "The Tajo de Ronda," engraved by C. Rolls, from a picture by J. F. Lewis; and "The Spirit of the Flower," engraved by H. B. Hall, from a painting by J. Wood, all possess considerable merit.

Illustrations to Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book for 1837.

Fisher and Co.

ALTHOUGH (as we believe) most of, if not all, the plates which ornament this splendid volume have already appeared in various publications, it is pleasing to see them thus assembled; affording contrasts as striking as those in the literary portion of the work, to which we have adverted in another portion of our journal. They are no fewer than thirty-six in number; consist of portraits, landscapes, topographical scenes, historical, poetical, fancy, and domestic subjects, &c.; and are forcibly and finely engraved from pictures by Allom, Bartley, Bentley, Briggs, Chisholm, Dibden, Hart, Harvey, Haydon, Hayter, Lawrence, Lely, M'Clese, Melville, Murillo, Prout, Purser, Richmond, Salmon, Teniers, Vickers, &c.

BIOGRAPHY.

MARIA MALIBRAN DE BERIOT.

(Abridged from "A Tribute to the Departed Genius of the late Madame Malibran de Beriot." Mori and Lavenu.)

MARIA FELICITAS, the eldest daughter of Señor Manuel Garcia, the once celebrated tenor singer of the Italian Opera, was born in Paris, in 1808. When only eight years old, she was taken by her parents to London, where a residence of several years rendered her acquisition of the English tongue little other than a natural result. Nature and art having combined to bestow upon her mutual favouritism, her destination was early decided; and Mademoiselle Garcia was first introduced to the public, on the boards of the King's Theatre, in the character of *Rosina*, in *Il Barbier di Siviglia*, on the 7th of June, 1825; when only in her seventeenth year. In 1826 she accompanied her family to America, to assist in the novel attempt to establish the performance of Italian operas in that country.

The speculation, however, was not attended with the expected success. At New York, Mademoiselle Garcia married Monsieur Malibran, a French banker and merchant. It was an ill-assorted union, which embittered no small portion of her short, but eventful, after-life. The irregularities and imprudence of her husband speedily led to insolvency, upon which she freely gave up to his creditors all claims arising out of the provisional settlements which he had made upon her as his wife. A separation ensued; and Madame Malibran, whose fame had gone before her to the French capital, soon appeared in Paris, where she excited immense interest. From Paris she returned to London, where, at the King's Theatre, she shone with increased lustre, through the brilliant season of 1829. Her principal characters were *Rosina*, *Tancredi*, *Desdemona*, *Semiramide*, *Zerlina*, *Romeo*, and *Ninetta*. The widely extended reputation of the fair cantatrice now occupied the attention of musical society throughout Europe. She traversed extraordinary distances to fulfil her numerous engagements; and her slight frame seemed endowed with a power of endurance almost equal to the surprising readiness and ever-active heroism of a spirit which no difficulty was able to appal. Her last engagement at Naples was for 80,000 francs and two benefits and a half, for forty nights; while that upon which she entered at Milan, with Duke Visconti (the director of *La Scala*), was exclusively of other profitable stipulations, 450,000 francs for 185 performances.

In the spring of 1834, Madame Malibran was gathering fresh laurels at Rome, where she gave a concert for the benefit of a family in extreme indigence, which realised for them the sum of 600 pieces of gold. In May of the same year she made her memorable *début* at Milan, with astonishing *éclat*. It was here that a medal, in honour of her excelling talents, was struck, bearing her likeness, with the motto on the reverse, "*Per universale consenso proclamata mirabile nell'asione e nel canto.*" Her subsequent stay at Venice was concluded with a charitable action. The proprietor of the *Teatro Emmeronio* requested her to sing once at his theatre. "I will," answered she, "but on the condition that not a word is said about remuneration." The poor man was saved from ruin.

We next find this indefatigable and extraordinary woman at Naples. From Naples she revisited Paris, and then proceeded to fulfil her engagements in England for the season of 1835. Madame Malibran's first appearance in an English version of *La Sonnambula*, which took place at Covent Garden, on the 18th of May, created a great sensation in the dramatic world; and the manner in which she acquitted herself can never be forgotten by those who witnessed the performance.

The character of *Amina* was shortly followed by that of *Fidelio*, and the language of eulogy was exhausted in acknowledging the transcendent merits of the actress and the singer. Her toil must, at this time, have been excessive, from the number of professors requiring her aid at concerts, and the overwhelming invitations to assist at the royal and noble parties of the season; but her nerve and spirit appeared to be unquenchable.

During her next sojourn at Milan, she heard of the premature death of Vincenzo Bellini, at Paris, on the 23d of September, 1835. Affected at the loss of the young composer, she immediately caused a subscription to be opened at Milan, for a tribute to his memory; at the

head of which her own name was affixed for 400 francs. On exactly the same day and month of the following year she herself ceased to exist!

In March 1836, Madame Malibran, then in Paris, and freed, by the French courts, from the bondage of her union with Monsieur Malibran, was married to Monsieur de Beriot, a Belgian, whose surpassing ability as a violinist had placed him in the highest rank of his profession. On this occasion, the Queen of the French presented her with a magnificent *agraffe*, adorned with pearls. On the 2d of May following, Madame de Beriot resumed her English performances at Drury Lane Theatre; and, on the 27th of the same month, appeared in *The Maid of Artois*, which, owing to her exertions, obtained the highest success. At the close of the season, she accompanied her husband to Brussels, and other cities on the Continent, where her progress was a succession of triumphs.

The closing scene of her strangely coloured history now draws nigh. Having been engaged for the Manchester grand musical festival of the present year, she arrived in that town, after a rapid journey from Paris, on Sunday the 11th of September. On the Monday evening she went through the fatigue of singing no fewer than fourteen pieces with her Italian friends. She was ill on Tuesday; but she insisted upon singing both morning and evening, lest her illness should be reported to be only feigned. On Wednesday her indisposition was still more evident, but she gave the last sacred composition she ever sang, "Sing ye to the Lord!" with thrilling effect; and on that evening, the 14th, her last notes in public were heard, in the duet, "Vanne se alberghi in petto," from *Andronico*, with Madame Caradori Allen. It was received with enthusiastic applause, and the last movement was encored. She did repeat it; but it was a desperate struggle against sinking nature—she never sang afterwards. The house rang with animated cheering; hats and handkerchiefs were waving; but the victim of excitement sunk exhausted after leaving the orchestra, and her vocal career was terminated. She was bled, and removed to her apartments at the Moseley Arms, where, after nine days' suffering, she expired, at precisely twenty minutes before 12 o'clock on Friday night.

Thus died this celebrated woman, of whose excellence as an actress and a singer it is now distressing to write, for we may never "look upon her like again." A remarkable combination of fine qualities rendered Madame Malibran de Beriot the wonder of all who saw and heard her. Her mental conceptions were of the highest order; while in the demonstrative and executive parts of her art, in the exercise of faculties of the most rare and exciting nature, she has never been surpassed.

Her voice was a contralto in character; but it extended to a range that was astonishing. She could descend to F and E flat below the lower C in the treble clef, and reach C and D in alto. Her genius, her capabilities, her dauntless energy, her unceasing industry, were alike surprising. In the words of an eminent critic, "She had all the endowment, all the acquisitions, and, above both, all the devotion and concentration of mind, common to those strong and gifted individuals who rise to pre-eminence, whatever the nature of their pursuits." Amongst her many accomplishments, she was not only a graceful dancer, but the skill and taste in painting which she possessed would alone have led her to distinction. She has

been heard to sing, in one evening, in six different languages, and with unqualified admiration in all. In the apt and beautiful phrase of our own great bard,

"What's she did, still bettered what was done."

In private society her loss will be long and severally felt; in public, it is irreparable.

Her remains were deposited in the Collegiate Church at Manchester, on Saturday, Oct. 1st, attended by all the principal authorities and gentry of the town and neighbourhood, and an immense public concourse, who manifested the deepest sorrow for the death of one whose untimely fate all Europe cannot but deplore.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PAPYRI.

[From "A Brief Account of Researches and Discoveries in Upper Egypt," &c., by Giovanni d'Atharasi, who was employed by the late Mr. Salt to collect Curiosities and Antiquities in Egypt.]

THE mummies of this quality have two cases, besides a sarcophagus of wood, covered with painted figures and hieroglyphics. The swathings of these mummies are very fine and very clean; and they are unrolled with great ease, so as even to lay bare the epidermis of the corpse. In the bandages are found, in the first place, the scarabæi, placed on the chest; and beneath these, or rather between the legs of the corpse, is a papyrus, in such good condition, and so white, that it may be unrolled without difficulty or danger: the writing on it is hieroglyphical, with coloured figures. Above the lid of the first case is an idol of black wood, with its pedestal, which represents Osiris. In this idol, which opens at the back, is found a papyrus, much better preserved than the other papyrus found on the mummy itself. Those who have not had much experience in these matters would scarcely believe the existence of so beautiful an article as these papyri, and therefore it is that the black idols are so highly esteemed by those who are aware of their contents. I shall relate here by what chance the Egyptians, of the present day, became acquainted with this, one of the many mysteries of their ancestors:—

In 1817, three Arabs came to seek employment in our excavations, but, owing to their advanced age, their services were not accepted. On being thus repulsed, they decided to go elsewhere, and work on their own account; and, on the same day, found two idols, which, however, being black, and of ordinary execution, they took no heed of. Towards evening, vexed at having found nothing of value, they left off working, complaining of their bad luck, which left them, as they said, without having earned as much as would buy them a morsel of bread for the day. One of them, however, as if by inspiration, leaped from the seat on which he was, took up the two black idols, and proceeded towards the river, where were then Lord Belmonte, Mr. Salt, and Mr. Drouetti. The Arab no sooner saw them than he addressed himself to the last-mentioned, who offered him fifty paras for them both; the Arab demanded twenty more, making, in all, a piaster and a half of the country—a sum sufficient, as he said, to buy food for himself and his two companions; but, as M. Drouetti would give no more than he at first offered, the man furiously threw one of the idols on the ground, when, to the astonishment of all present, a large papyrus rolled out of it. M. Drouetti, who never imagined that this sort of idol could contain such things, was wonderstruck, and the Arab being delighted at this

discovery, again addressed himself to M. Drouetti, and asked him, with a contemptuous air, whether he would now add any thing to the price he had before offered for the two idols? M. Drouetti, who had made so many difficulties about the disputed twenty paras, now found himself obliged to pay a much larger price for the papyrus and the other idol than was at first demanded for them. From that moment this mystery of the ancient Egyptians, or, more properly, of their priests, was no longer a secret to the inhabitants of Gourna.

VARIETIES.

The Bowery Theatre, at New York, has been entirely destroyed by fire. We fear that this disaster will occasion much loss and embarrassment to some of our theatrical friends who have accepted transatlantic engagements.

Rapid Communication.—A line of telegraphs is established from Liverpool to Holyhead. The distance from the one place to the other, and back, is 144 miles. To a question put at the one place, an answer has been received from the other, in the incredibly short space of twenty-five seconds!

Sound Maxim.—Always take it as a rule, that where you find a tyrant, you have there the true materials for a slave.—*The Forget-Me-Not*.

Genuine Eloquence.—One man, whom I saw sitting on the ground, leaning his back against the wall, attracted my attention by a degree of squalor in his appearance, which I had rarely before observed even in Ireland. His clothes were ragged to indecency—a very common circumstance, however, with the males—and his face was pale and sickly. He did not address me, and I passed by; but, having gone a few paces, my heart smote me, and I turned back. "If you are in want," said I, with some degree of peevishness, "why do you not beg?" "Sure it's begging I am," was the reply. "You did not utter a word." "No! Is it joking you are with me, sir? Look there!" holding up the tattered remnant of what had once been a coat: "Do you see how the skin is speaking through the holes in my trousers? and the bones crying out through my skin? Look at my sunken cheeks, and the famine that's staring in my eyes! Man alive! isn't it begging I am, with a hundred tongues?"—*Leitch Ritchie's Ireland*.

Heads or Tails.—This sport is undoubtedly alluded to by Macrobius, in his *Saturnalia*, lib. i. c. 7. "Cum puri, denarios in sublime jacantes, Capita aut Navia, lusu teste vetustatis, exclamant."—*Book of Table-Talk*.

A Practical Sarcasm.—This is another anecdote told of the late Rev. Robert Hall. When discussing one day the necessity of church reform with a clergyman who, after being educated by the Dissenters, obtained a conviction of the purity of the Established Church, and a lucrative living within her pale, at the same time, Mr. Hall illustrated this kind of logical process in a way unsurpassed in the history of sarcasm. This gentleman's constant refuge, when hard driven by the arguments of Mr. Hall, was, "I can't see it," "I don't see it," "I can't see that at all." At last, Mr. Hall took a letter from his pocket, and wrote on the back of it with his pencil, in small letters, the word "God." "Do you see that?" "Yes." He then covered it with a piece of gold. "Do you see it now?" "No." "I must wish you good morning, sir," said Hall; and left him to his meditations.—*Ibid.*

An Irish Maiden Assize.—The following is copied, verbatim et literatim, Italics and all, from the *Dublin Evening Post* of April 5, 1828. "Sligo Assizes.—Our assizes has, we might say, proved a *maiden one*: there have been two capital verdicts recorded, it is true; but one (Tiernan) is a mere boy, and the crime of the other is not marked by any feature of criminality that would call for our particular reprobation, any more than the circumstances of crime might seem to demand."—*Ibid.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Book of Christmas for 1837, descriptive of the Customs, Ceremonies, Traditions, Superstitions, Fun, Feeling, and Festivities of the Christmas Season, will appear with the forthcoming Annuals for the new year.

A new Annual, entitled "The Sacred Album," with splendid embossed embellishments by Messrs. Rock, is announced for publication in November. It is also calculated to serve all the purposes of an album.

In the Press.

Kidd's Golden Key to the Treasures of Knowledge: a Century of Wisdom in all its various Branches; illustrated with engravings and vignettes by George and Robert Cruikshank, Seymour, and Bonner. Also, The Tradesman's Oracle; a Stepping-stone to Fortune.—A new dramatic piece in six acts, entitled "The Dalesman."—The Political History of England from the close of the twenty-fifth century, by Frederick Von Raumer, Vol. I.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1837, containing a Tour in Ireland, by L. Ritchie, super royal 8vo, with 90 engravings, 21s.; or India Proofs, 21s. A Selection from the Psalms and New Testament, transcribed in verse, by Mary Anne Davy, 12mo, 2s.—Reasons for the Establishment of a new Bank in India, 8vo, 1s. 6d.—Aristotle's Nicomachean Ethics, with Notes, by J. S. Brewer, M.A. 8vo, 16s.—Cavaliers of Virginia, a Historical Romance, 3 vols. 13mo, 16s. 6d.—Carolean in the Olden Time, by M. E. Rutter, folio, with India Proof Plates, 21s. 2s.; or coloured, 21s.—Memoirs of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, written by himself, Vol. I. 8vo, 1s.; in French, 12s.—The Friendships Offering for 1837, 12s. bd.; Illustrations to ditto, Plain Proofs, 1s.; India Proofs, 21s.; Before Letters, 1l. 1s. 6d.—The Biblical Keepsake for 1837, 21s. morocco.—Tales in Verse, by Mary Howitt, royal 18mo, 5s. bd.—The Christian Lacon, by William Martin, 32mo, 3s. 6d. bds.—The Flowers of Loveliness, Second Series, Imperial 4to, 1l. 1s. 6d.—The Forget-me-Not for 1837, 12s. bd.—Economy of Health, by James Jobson, 8vo, 7s.—Manchester; its Political, Social, and Commercial History, by James Wheeler, 12mo, 12s.—Analysis of the Bible, by Montgomery Martin, royal 32mo, 2s. 6d.—The Practical Gardening, by Martin Doyle, 12mo, 4s.—The French Self-Instructor, by D. Boileau, 12mo, 9s.—Practical Treatise on the Poor Laws, by W. Theobald, 8vo, 11. 10s. The English Annual for 1837, 8vo, 21s. morocco.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1836.				
September.	Thermometer.	Barometer.		
Thursday ... 29	From 49 to 60	29.29 to 29.36		
Friday ... 30	... 42 ... 53	29.32 ... 29.30		
October.				
Saturday ... 1	... 36 ... 53	29.38 ... 30.04		
Sunday ... 2	... 39 ... 53	29.15 ... 29.28		
Monday ... 3	... 41 ... 50	29.06 ... 29.35		
Tuesday ... 4	... 30 ... 53	29.41 ... 29.51		
Wednesday ... 5	... 32 ... 55	29.72 ... 29.68		
Prevailing winds, W. by S. and N.W. Except the 2d, 4th, and 5th, generally cloudy, with frequent rain.	Rain fallen, 1.95 inch.			
October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.		
Thursday ... 6	From 36 to 57	29.62 to 29.58		
Friday ... 7	... 51 ... 60	29.42 to 29.37		
Saturday ... 8	... 52 ... 58	29.35 to 29.35		
Sunday ... 9	... 43 ... 55	29.31 ... 29.36		
Monday ... 10	... 46 ... 58	29.28 ... 29.33		
Tuesday ... 11	... 51 ... 57	29.12 ... 29.12		
Wednesday ... 12	... 42 ... 50	29.51 ...		
Prevailing winds, W. by S. and S.W. Except the 9th and 11th, generally cloudy, with frequent and heavy showers of rain. Lightning in the east on the evening of the 9th.	Rain fallen, 1.95 inch.			

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.
Latitude ... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude ... 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * We have received several other Annuals, but our space will not allow us to notice them until next week.

ADVERTISEMENTS,
Connected with Literature and the Arts.

SOUTHWARK ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.—The Session of the Southwark Astronomical Society will, early in November, commence with an Introductory Lecture to a Course of Lectures on Astronomy, by Mr. Wallis, which will be succeeded by a Course on Optics, and on the Construction of Telescopes, and Astronomical Apparatus generally. Several Eminent Professors have promised their assistance. A Lecture will therefore be delivered every Friday evening, at half past eight, connected with the Science of Astronomy, during the whole Session, and one evening in the week will be set apart for a Class Night. The whole is calculated to afford a high intellectual recreation and facility for the acquaintance of scientific instruction.

JOHN CLARKE, Hon. Sec.

Further particulars, and a Prospectus of the Lectures, may be had, on application at the Observatory, in Nelson Street, Long Lane, Bermondsey.

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION, AND HISTORY.

PROFESSOR DALE will begin his LECTURES on Tuesday, the 18th instant, according to the following arrangement:—

Latin Literature—On Tuesdays and Thursdays, at Two o'clock, p.m.

English Composition—On Fridays, at Two o'clock, p.m.

After Christmas the Professor proposes to deliver a Course on the "History of the Middle Ages," on Tuesdays and Thursdays, as above.

These Courses may be attended by occasional Students, jointly or separately.

Further particulars may be obtained at the Secretary's Office.

W. CHICHESTER, Principal.

King's College, London, Oct. 6.

TO Persons desirous of entering into the BOOKSELLING BUSINESS.—To be disposed of, in a very large Town, in one of the Northern Counties of England, the stock of a well-established and highly-reputed Bookseller, with the goodwill of the business, from which the Advertiser is retiring. To any Person who, having the command of some Capital, is desirous of commencing or extending the above Business, it presents an opportunity not to be neglected, as the Connexion is of the highest respectability, and the sphere of action very extensive. Price, £1,000. Terms, 10 per cent. add'd. post-paid, to T. W., care of Mr. Bent, Literary Advertiser Office, Aldine Chambers, 13 Paternoster Row, London.

THE PRINCE OF CANINO'S MEMOIRS.—We are requested to state, that the Memoirs of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, Written by Himself, are now ready. Editions, in French and English, may be had of the Publishers, Messrs. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street; of their Agents in Dublin and Edinburgh; and of the Booksellers throughout the Kingdom.

AUTOGRAPHS of MALIBRAN, BY BYRON, HARROWS, SCOTT, and any eminent or celebrated individuals wanted to purchase.

Franks of Peers and M.P.'s bought from or exchanged with Collectors.

Address, (post-paid) "Autographs," "Arnold's Newspaper Office, Liverpool."

SALES BY AUCTION.

SOUTHHAGATE'S ROOMS.

By MESSRS. SOUTTHGATE AND SON,

AT THEIR WEEKLY SALE-ROOMS,

No. 22 FLEET STREET,

THIS DAY, and on MONDAY and TUESDAY,

By order of the Assignees of B. B. KING, Printseller,

Monument Yard, consisting of

Paintings in Handsome Frames;

Innocence, by Carlo Cignani; Head of Christ, by Albert Durer; View of Venice, by Scarsit Davis; Portrait of Richard Clarke, Esq. late Chamberlain of London, by ditto; The Tribunal of the Inquisition, the Tax Gatherer, the Young Husband, and others, by Jones; the Pedlar, by Cawse, &c.

Prints and Proof Impressions of

The Citation of Wycliffe; Tribunal of the Inquisition; Mazeppa; the Death of the Sultan; the Execution of the Sultan; reading Don Quixote; the Study; the Album; Love's Reserve; Widow's Treasures; the Widower; Adoration, after Guido; The Young Wife; Numerous Prints of Sporting Subjects, plain and Coloured.

The unpublished Copper-plate, with Impressions,

Of Innocence, after Carlo Cignani; Prints, Framed and Glazed.

Miscellaneous Books, and Books of Prints,

Including Coney's Architectural Beauties; Gems of Art; Pugin's Paris; Froul, Stanfield, and Harding's Continental Views; Museo Capitolino; Museo Florentino; Berry's Heraldry, 3 vols.; Heptinstall's Bible, 3 vols.; Gelli's Pompeians, 2 vols.; Murray's Encyclopaedia of Geography; Loudon's Encyclopedia of Plants; Johnson's Systematic Dictionary; Numerous Copies of the Sporting Annual; History of Modern Sculpture; Arnald's Scenery of the Meuse; Last Days of the Last of the Dibdinian; Bunyan Versified, by Dibdin; Art of Heraldry, &c.

May be viewed, and Catalogues (price 1s.) had at the Rooms, and of A. H. Belcher, Esq. 9 King's Arms Yard.

Money advanced upon Duplicate Portions of Booksellers' Stock, upon Libraries, and Literary Property in general.

TO ADVERTISERS AND THE PUBLIC.
THE BRITISH and FOREIGN REVIEW, or, EUROPEAN QUARTERLY JOURNAL, No. VI. will be published in time for delivery with the Magazine. The first Volume of the New George Wriggins Cooke's History of the United States made a success, and contains, amongst its other articles, "Mr. Bulwer, and the Late Novelties."

* * * Nos. I. to V. are still on sale, 4s. each.

Advertisements intended for No. VI. must be sent to the Publishers before the 20th instant.

JAMES RIDGWAY and SONS, 109 PICCADILLY; and all Booksellers.

MEMBERS of BOTH HOUSES of PARLIAMENT are respectfully informed, that the first Volume of Sir George Wriggins Cooke's History of the United States made a success, and contains, amongst the accession of additional matter of the utmost interest, Country.

* * * The Second Volume of this Important NATIONAL Work, will appear early in the Session. The present embraces the era from the rise of the Whigs and Tories, in the reign of Charles II, to the beginning of the Hanoverian Dynasty. Printed for John Macrone, St. James's Square.

THE BRIGHTON HERALD of Saturday, October 15, and two following weeks, will contain a series of papers, an Account of the Brighton and Hove, before the Museum, the Sulphur Springs, and the Royal Institution, and Mantelian Museum, on the "Probable Moral Effect of Locomotion by Steam." Copies may be had at Messrs. Newton and Co's Country Newspaper and General Advertising Office, Warwick Square, Newgate Street, London.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

3 New Burlington Street, Oct. 14.
Mr. Bentley has just published the following NEW WORKS.

In 2 vols. post 8vo, with Portrait of the Author, &c.
ADVENTURES DURING A JOURNEY

O V E R L A N D to I N D I A, by way of Egypt, Syria, the Holy Land, and Mesopotamia. By MAJOR SKINNER, 8th Regiment, Author of "Excursions in India," &c.

II.

Vandeleur;

Or, Animal Magnetism. 3 vols.

"There is a great deal of freshness and talent in these volumes, and the story is exceedingly interesting: the plot, new and dramatic."—*Literary Gazette.*

III.

A Residence in France,

With an Excursion up the Rhine, and a Second Visit to Switzerland.

By J. Fenwick Cooper, Esq.

Author of "The Spy," "The Pilot," &c. 3 vols. post 8vo.

IV.

2d edition, in 3 vols. post 8vo. with Nine Plates, Rattlin the Reefer.

Edited by the Author of "Peter Simple," &c.

V.

2d edition, in 3 vols. 8vo. with numerous Portraits,

Sir William Wraxall's Posthumous Memoirs of his Own Time.

Now first published.

Astoria.

By Washington Irving, Esq., Author of the "Sketch-Book," &c.

VI.

In 3 vols. 8vo. with numerous fine Portraits, The Correspondence of Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

Edited by Lord Wharncliffe.

Including nearly 150 Letters, never before published; a Memoir of George I. by Lady Wharncliffe, &c. The noble Editor has also prefixed a Life of the Author. Illustrative Anecdotes and Notes will also be added, and the suppressed Passages restored.

III.

The Merchant's Daughter.

By the Author of "The Heiress." 3 vols.

IV.

Undertaken by order of the British Government. In 2 vols. post 8vo. with Plates.

Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Arctic Ocean.

In 1833, 1834, and 1835.

Under the Command of Captain Hack, R.N. By Richard King, Esq. M.R.C.S. &c. Naturalist to the Expedition.

V.

In 2 vols. post 8vo. with Illustrations, Impressions of England.

By Count Edouard de Melot.

This day, price 7s. 6d. with Three Engravings, THE EDINBURGH NEW PHILO-SOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Conducted by Professor JAMISON.

No. 49, April—1838.

This number contains an ample report of the proceedings of the British Association at Bristol, and many other interesting and important articles. Among the Engravings will be found the Northern Alphabets of the Indians proposed to the consideration of the Society of Arts for Scotland.

Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh; Longman and Co. Printed for

On the 20th of October will be published, in 1 large and beautifully printed volume,
THE BOOK OF GEMS FOR 1837.
 COMPLETING THE CENTENARY OF BRITISH POETS AND BRITISH ARTISTS.

The following is a List of the splendid Illustrations to this Volume:—

SUBJECTS.	ARTISTS.	ENGRAVERS.
1. Poetry and Painting.....	E. T. Parris.....	F. W. Topham.....
2. The Worship of the Lyre.....	J. Wood.....	W. Chevalier.....
3. The Memorial.....	J. Flaxman, R.A.....	A. R. Freebairn.....
4. The Birth of Vanessa.....	W. Harvey.....	W. Greatbach.....
5. The Tower of St. Mark.....	T. P. Bonington.....	E. Finden.....
6. The Crucifixion.....	F. Danby, A.R.A.....	W. Greatbach.....
7. Training the Cider.....	G. Waller.....	W. H. Simmonds.....
8. The Palace.....	W. Linton.....	E. T. Willmore.....
9. Too Late!.....	T. Holet.....	W. H. Simmonds.....
10. The Thames at Oxford.....	A. Walker.....	A. R. Freebairn.....
11. Peggy and Patti.....	W. Allan, R.A.....	W. J. Cooke.....
12. The Plough.....	F. Lee, A.R.A.....	W. Finden.....
13. The King at Eve.....	S. Cooper.....	W. Goodall.....
14. Hawking.....	T. Creswick.....	C. Rolls.....
15. The Milkmaid.....	J. Cristall.....	C. Rolls.....
16. The Hermit.....	A. Fraser.....	W. Greatbach.....
17. The Orphans.....	T. Clater.....	W. Greatbach.....
18. The Quay.....	T. Boys.....	W. J. Cooke.....
19. The Sea-Pink.....	S. Lover.....	W. Greatbach.....
20. The River.....	— Balmer.....	J. Lewis.....
21. Cupid and Psyche.....	J. Wood.....	W. Greatbach.....
22. The Cast-away.....	W. Derby.....	E. Finden.....
23. The Fan.....	Jenkins.....	L. Stocks.....
24. London, from Greenwich.....	G. S. Shepherd.....	W. J. Cooke.....
25. Ruins.....	C. P. Barrett.....	J. Hinckliff.....
26. The Wreck.....	J. C. Bentley.....	W. Wallis.....
27. The School-mistress.....	T. Webster.....	W. H. Simmonds.....
28. Eton, from Windsor.....	F. Cottman.....	J. Lewis.....
29. War and Mercy.....	C. R. Leslie, R.A.....	L. Stocks.....
30. The Wounded Highlander.....	D. Roberts.....	W. Greatbach.....
31. Samson and Pythias.....	— Turner.....	F. Bacon.....
32. The Flotilla.....	E. Chatfield.....	W. Chevalier.....
33. Israel in Babylon.....	West.....	W. Greatbach.....
34. The English Landscape.....	J. Constable, R.A.....	A. R. Freebairn.....
35. The Broken Soldier.....	R. Fisher.....	H. Rolfe.....
36. Kate of Aberdeen.....	Burcay.....	L. Stocks.....
37. The Shipwreck.....	C. Fielding.....	W. J. Cooke.....
38. Saved from the Wreck.....	Priest.....	W. Greatbach.....
39. Satin Condemning Truth.....	R. Smirke, R.A.....	W. H. Simmonds.....
40. The Gipsy Girl.....	— Oakley.....	E. Finden.....
41. The Battle Field.....	Nixon.....	A. R. Freebairn.....
42. The Cockney Drive.....	R. W. Buss.....	R. Goodey.....
43. The Minstrel.....	D. O. Hill.....	W. Miller.....
44. The Gipsy Mother.....	A. Robertson.....	W. Greatbach.....
45. The Golden Age.....	T. Gainsborough, R.A.....	W. Finden.....
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